

THE
London-Citizen Exceedingly Injured:
OR A
BRITISH
INQUISITION
DISPLAY'D,

In an Account of the UNPARALLEL'D CASE of a
Citizen of London, Bookseller to the late Queen,
who was in a most *unjust* and *arbitrary* Manner
sent on the 23d of *March* last, 1738, by one *Robert*
Wightman, a mere Stranger, to a *Private Madhouse*.

CONTAINING,

- I. An Account of the said CITIZEN's barbarous Treatment in
Wright's Private Madhouse on *Bethnal-Green* for nine Weeks
and six Days, and of his rational and patient Behaviour, whilst
Chained, Handcuffed, Strait-Wastecoated and *Imprisoned* in
the said *Madhouse*: Where he probably would have been con-
tinued, or died under his Confinement, if he had not most
Providentially made his Escape: In which he was taken up
by the Constable and Watchmen, being suspected to be a
Felon, but was unchain'd and set at liberty by Sir *John*
Barnard the then Lord Mayor.
- II. As also an Account of the illegal Steps, false Calumnies,
wicked Contrivances, bold and desperate Designs of the said
Wightman, in order to escape Justice for his Crimes, with
some Account of his engaging Dr. *Monro* and others as
his Accomplices.

The Whole humbly addressed to the LEGISLATURE, as
plainly shewing the absolute Necessity of regulating *Private*
Madhouses in a more effectual manner than at present.

*Brethren, pray for us, that we may be delivered from unreasonable
and wicked Men, 2 Theff. iii. 1, 2.*

L O N D O N:
Printed for T. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-Row*,
and Mrs. DODD at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*, 1739.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

*The Lord H * * **

MY LORD,



OUR Lordship's great Benevolence,
and kind Concern expressed to
the *Injured Person* for the ill
Usage he met with, is an En-
couragement to lay the following
Journal or Narrative of his great
Sufferings, in a most humble Manner, before your
Lordship.

THIS Affair, MY LORD, is now under the
Cognisance of the Law. The following Narrative
is humbly inscribed to Your Lordship, as being in
one of the highest and most laborious Stations under
his MAJESTY, whom GOD long preserve, and hav-
ing given many Proofs of Your great Goodness and
Regard to the Liberties of Mankind, Your Lord-
ship, in perusing the following Journal, will find
that

DEDICATION.

that there is a horrid and barbarous Inquisition at Bethnal-Green, which, it is humbly hoped, may be suppressed by Your Lordship and other worthy Patriots, so that that growing Evil may be extinguished; Where honest, sensible and judicious Persons are by Malice, Envy, Revenge, and other unaccountable Motives hurried from their Habitations, their Lives endangered, their Health impaired, and their Substance wasted, their Credit intirely sunk, and they perhaps rendred for ever usefess in their Generation; Where Injured Persons often suffer unheard, untried, and without having the least Hopes of Remedy, being deprived of Pen, Ink and Paper, and the Visits of Friends.

YOUR Lordship is humbly intreated to excuse the Liberty of this Address. That God may long continue Your great Usefulness, and bless you in all Respects, is the hearty Prayer of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

**London, March 21,
1738-9.**



THE
London-Citizen Exceedingly Injured;
 OR A
 JOURNAL or NARRATIVE
 OF
Mr. C—'s Sufferings
Crucian compiler of the Concordance
 At Bethnal-Green, by one *Wightman* and his
 Accomplices.



Short Narrative is here given of the horrid Sufferings of a *London-Citizen* in *Wright's* private Madhouse at *Bethnal-Green*, during nine weeks and six days, (till he made his wonderful Escape) by the Combination of *Robert Wightman* Merchant at *Edinburgh*, a stranger in *London*, and others, who had no right, warrant or authority in Law, Equity or Consanguinity, or any other manner whatsoever, to concern themselves with him or his affairs; and yet most unjustly imprisoned him in that dismal place. How unjustly and unaccountably they acted in first sending *Mr. C.* to *Bethnal-Green*, and how cruel and barbarous they were in their bold and desperate Design to fix him in *Bethlehem*, (after *Mr. C.* refused to sign their Pardon) that they might screen themselves from punishment, by covering one heinous crime with another more heinous, will appear by the following Journal of *Mr. C.'s* Sufferings.

After thirteen years acquaintance with *Mr. Bryan Payne*, Cornchandler in *Picadilly*, and his Wife, where *Mr. C.* had officiated as Chaplain for some years on Sabbath-Evenings, and

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was used like their particular Friend, the said Mr. *Payne* died *August 9, 1737*. Some considerable time after his decease Mr. *C.* made his addreses to the Widow *Payne*, then a Gentlewoman of a great fortune, and was greatly encouraged by her, which increased his Affection. He was kindly received by her in the way of Courtship, and supping with her on *Monday* and *Tuesday* the 13th and 14th of *March*, at both those times he plainly expressed his great Esteem and Affection for her; and his addreses were received chearfully and pleasantly, without the least contradiction.

March 17. Mr. *C.* after he had been deeply engaged as Corrector at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*, went about eight o'clock at night to visit Mrs. *Payne*, who entertained him most chearfully, and gave him scope enough to talk over his affair, which she received with a most agreeable air. He spoke to her what he thought was proper upon the affair in hand, but by some expressions she dropt Mr. *C.* began to suspect her Sincerity with regard to him.

March 18. Mr. *C.* being apt to think, that what Mrs. *Payne* said the night before, was chiefly for a trial of his love, and that it might be said of her,

Ardeat ipsa tamen, tormentis gaudet Amantis,

wrote this morning a letter to her, and acquainted her that he designed to pay his respects to her to day at dinner-time. Mr. *C.* intended to get a plain Answer, and to know fully her Resolution from her own Mouth; and having done his business that morning at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*, he went afterwards to Mrs. *Payne's*; and when he came thither, Mr. *William Crookshank* and *John Oswald* were with her. Upon Mr. *C.'s* going into Mrs. *Payne's* Dining-room she was not dressed, and went out without saying one word, which greatly displeased him; yet he tarried some time, being in hopes of her being quickly in a better disposition; but he being afterwards satisfied, that he had been mis-used by her in such a manner that no generous man could bear, he was greatly dis-obliged, and justly on the account of the great Encouragement she had given him in his addreses on former occasions.

Crookshank and *Oswald* were so officious, that they followed Mr. *C.* home to his lodging in *White's-Alley* in *Chancery-Lane*, tho' he earnestly begged them not to go to his lodging, nor to speak any thing to *Grant* or his Wife of the affair relating to Mrs. *Payne*, fearing the weak people might misconstrue it: But those two weak and imprudent men, contrary to all justice and prudence, made secretly a false representation of Mr. *C.* and of this Affair to his silly Land-

lord

lord and Landlady, who live in *Oswald's* house, and are only his servants. The false notions that *Crookshank* and *Oswald* instilled into the weak brains of *Grant* and his Wife, occasioned them from thenceforth to behave towards Mr. C. in a very foolish and contradictory manner. Whether these Persons misconstrued Mr. C.'s actions to curry favour with Mrs. *Payne*, they know best. Mr. *Whatley* of *Gray's-Inn*, and *Claudius Bonner*, a Compositor at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*, called this evening of Mr. C. at his lodging, and they have both declared that he behaved very sensibly.

March 19, Mr. C. being engaged to go this day to the Meeting-house in *Swallow-street*, and being much offended at Mrs. *Payne* for her Haughtiness and bad Behaviour towards him, chose to sit in that Front-seat of the Gallery where Mr. *Payne* and Mrs. *Payne* some years before used to sit, that he might rather triumph over Mrs. *Payne*, than shew a mean or servile Spirit for the great Disappointment she had given him. It was owned by every body that he was very attentive in publick Service. Mr. *Crookshank* had told him that he had been invited to dine this day with Mrs. *Payne*: Mr. C. desir'd at noon that he would not go to dine with her; *Crookshank* promised to grant him his Request, but he broke his Promise and went. After the Afternoon's Service in *Swallow-Street*, Mr. C. went home to his aforesaid Lodging; and *Wightman* and *Oswald* passed the evening with him in good Discourse, and regular Devotion perform'd by him in a decent and unexceptionable manner.

Monday, March 20. This morning *Wightman*, without being desired or expected, came to Mr. C.'s room, and advised him not to go to the Printing-Office that day, but to let blood, and stay at home, which Mr. C. at last complied with, tho' with great reluctance. Mr. C. wrote a letter to Mr. *Ragg* the Surgeon, who came and let him blood: He was at home all that day in a quiet and calm manner.

Tuesday, March 21. He called in the morning on his Landlady *Grant's* Wife for some of his Papers committed to her care, but she for a great while made no Answer, 'till at last she said they might be about his bed: But while Mr. C. was making diligent search for them, *John Huet* a Blacksmith in the neighbourhood came up with a stick in his hand, in order to seize him as a Madman; which Mr. C. looked upon as the highest Affront and greatest Provocation. Mr. C. took the stick from him, and forced him down stairs: But in a few minutes *Grant* and his Wife alarmed the neighbourhood as if he was a Madman, and so about a dozen of

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them came in, whom he obliged to go out, and then shut the doors. They rallied by the cellar-window, particularly a bloody Butcher came from below, who disfigured Mr. C.'s face with several blows: And while he was grappling with this diabolical Butcher, *John Duck* a Blackmore and *John Anderson* a Coachman came up, rescued Mr. C. from the Butcher, and seized him. This cruel Butcher soon after gave him a severe blow, to the great effusion of his blood, with a stick on the head, without the least provocation, and then quickly disappeared, and no body can give any account of him. Mr. C. was amaz'd at this uncommon Treatment, and asked whether they were all become Madmen?

Duck and *Anderson* went up stairs with Mr. C. where he lay down on a bed, and Mr. *Ragg* the Surgeon came to dress his Wound. He examined if it had fractured the Skull, but happily it had not; for had it been a little deeper, it had been mortal. A Tool of *Wightman's* formerly an Apprentice to a Taylor, but lately a Coffin-breaker and Grave-digger in *St. Andrew's* Burying-ground, and a few months before a pretended Physician of no figure, came in, who with great impudence insulted over Mr. C. but he greatly despised this silly man, and calmly and composedly desired *John Duncan* then in the room, to go to the learned and eminent Physician *Dr. Hulse*, to come and see him; but tho' *Duncan* promised to go, he never went. Mr. C. often called for a Constable, but tho' there was one at hand, he would not come, he not approving of their conduct. This was about twelve o'clock. He saw himself obliged to submit peaceably and patiently to their orders all that day.

Wednesday, March 22. Mr. C. stayed at home all day, cool and sedate, employing his time in reading: But the foolish people would allow none of his Friends to visit him, tho' some particular Friends called both yesterday and to day, and earnestly desired to go up to see him; yet *Wightman* hindered Mr. *Kelsey Bull* and Mr. *Frederick Bull*, two of Mr. C.'s particular Friends, from coming up to see him; and *Grant* and his Wife who stood at the door, were so impudent as to refuse Entrance to Mr. *John Cargil* another particular Friend, and made Mr. C. their Prisoner.

Thursday, March 23, Mr. C. sorting his Papers this morning in his room on the table where a candle stood, the foolish people made a great breach in the door, and knocked at it with such Fury, that they made the snuff of the candle to fall upon three loose sheets of paper on the table, and set fire to them; which Mr. C. to prevent any bad consequence, wrapt up together, and

and put them out at the breach of the door. This is all the ground that the malicious people had to say that Mr. C. designed to set the house on fire; which is abominably false.

This day *Oliver Roberts* a Chairman came, as he said, from one *Robert Wightman* in *Spring-Gardens*; and told Mr. C. that the said *Wightman* wanted to speak with him at his lodgings in *Spring-Gardens*; and *Roberts* taking with him *Anderson* the Coachman, decoy'd Mr. C. into a Hackney-coach; and till the Coach came to *Ludgate-hill* Mr. C. did not fully discover their wicked Design, for the Coach-windows were drawn up: Mr. C. had asked *Roberts* in *Chancery-Lane* which way the Coach was to go to *Spring-Gardens*? *Roberts* answered, Up the *Strand*. And when Mr. C. saw himself thus imposed upon, he expostulated with them in the following manner: 'Oh! what are you going to do with me? I bless God, I am not mad. Are you going to carry me to *Bethlehem*? How great is this Affliction! This is the way to put an end to all my Usefulness in the World, and to expose me to the highest Degree! Oh! what shall I do? God help me! I desire to submit to the Will of God.' *Roberts* then positively told him that he had Orders from the said *Wightman* to carry him to Country-Lodgings near *Bow*, which proved to be *Wright's* private Madhouse on *Bethnal-Green*, where he delivered him to *John Davis* the Under-Keeper of the said Madhouse, when Mr. C. requested *Roberts* and *Anderson* not to expose him by telling any body of his being brought to so dismal a Place: And *Roberts* particularly remembers that Mr. C. said, he hoped that God would make this great Affliction turn to his Good. *Roberts* also declares that Mr. C. always spoke sensibly, and behaved well, and much like a Gentleman.

The said *Davis* locked Mr. C. up in a room in the Madhouse, who was at first much dejected, but after going to Prayer was greatly comforted; and soon after *Davis*, *Samuel Wall* the Barber, and *Dorothy Mayleigh* Housemaid came, and spoke very civilly to the Prisoner, who this afternoon asked *Wall* if he saw any sign of Disorder about him? To which *Wall* replied, None at all as yet, but that he did not know how soon an alteration might come, which proved only a groundless suspicion.

That very afternoon the Prisoner desired Pen, Ink, and Paper, but *Davis* refused it to one in his Circumstances; yet the Prisoner acquainting *Davis* with the occasion, relating to his Shop under the *Royal-Exchange*, and promising to shew the

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the Letter to *Davis*, the Housemaid brought him some Paper. This Letter was directed to *John Scot*, who had the care of the Prisoner's Shop, and was acknowledged by *Scot* and others to be a very sensible Letter, and much to the purpose.

Soon after in the evening the said *Scot* with Mr. *Robert Macpherson* and Mr. *John Duncan*, came to visit the Prisoner, who spoke to them very sensibly, and shewed no signs of Madness in his Conversation with them, as has been attested under the hands of the said *Macpherson* and *Duncan*.

After they were gone, *Wightman* and *Oswald* came to the Prisoner, who with very great temper seriously expostulated with *Wightman* about his presuming to send him to a Madhouse, that had no Power over him in Law, Equity or Conscience, but was his very slender acquaintance, and a stranger to all his affairs; and asked by what authority he had been so bold as to do so?

Wightman was confounded, and blamed *Grant* and his Wife, who, he said, were very weak silly persons: *Oswald*, like a self-condemned Person, was very silent, especially upon hearing that his Wife had been convicted of a gross Lye she had uttered to *Wright's* Wife in the morning, when she took the room for the Prisoner; and so *Wightman* and *Oswald* went away abruptly and without ceremony, instead of begging Pardon and releasing the Prisoner. *Davis* was present at this Conversation, and told *Wightman*, after he went out of the room, that he had not observed any signs of Madness about his Prisoner; but *Wightman*, who pretends to know that a person is mad from the Tone of his Voice, replied, that the Prisoner would be ill about three o'clock in the morning, but he proved a false Prophet. When the Prisoner went to bed about eight o'clock, *Davis* came and told him, that seeing he was in a Madhouse, he must allow himself to be used as a Madman, and submit to have the Chain on the bedstead lock'd upon his Leg, which the Prisoner patiently submitted to.

Friday, March 24. *Davis* told the Prisoner in the morning, that last night when *Wightman* and *Oswald* left his room, they went confounded up the first pair of stairs, as at a loss what to determine to do, and then went to consult with *Wright's* Wife, a most improper person indeed for advising the Release of the Prisoner.

The Prisoner desired *Davis* to tell his Master *Wright* to come himself and unlock the Chain, but *Wright*, who had
not

not come home till five or six o'clock in the morning, told *Davis* that he would not do it for 500 l.

Thomas Lindon Apothecary coming to visit a Patient in the Madhouse, the Prisoner desired him to feel his Pulse, who having felt it, declared it was regular and in order. Also *Job London* Apothecary, coming to visit the Prisoner by *Wightman's* Order, felt his Pulse, and declared it to be regular, as he afterwards acknowledged before the Lord Mayor. The said *London* brought physick with him for the Prisoner, by the Prescription of Dr. *Monro*, tho' the Doctor did not visit him till the 30th of this Instant *March*. The Prisoner prudently submitted to take the physick that evening. It is to be observed, that if Prisoners in this Madhouse refuse to take what is ordered them, there is a terrible iron Instrument put into their mouths to hold down their tongues, and to force the physick down their throats. The operation of the said physick awaked him about three o'clock in the morning, when he requested *Davis* in the next room to come and assist him; but *Davis* obstinately declined it, and instead of acknowledging his Barbarity, when he came in about nine o'clock, sternly made the Prisoner know that he was his Keeper; and to confirm his authority, not only kept the Chain on his Leg, but added to his Misery by chaining his two Wrists together with Handcuffs.

Saturday, March 25. This morning a Gentleman visited the Prisoner, and said to him, "*Be quiet and easy, for your King and your God is with you, and nothing can hurt you.*" This Expression the Prisoner often thought of, and, blessed be God, he experienced that it was so: And this day the Prisoner was for the first time visited by *Wright's* Wife, with whom he expostulated about his unjust and barbarous Confinement, but she answered him smoothly and cunningly.

In the afternoon *London* the Apothecary came, and took upon him to order *Davis* to put a *Strait-Wastecoat* on the Prisoner's Body, made of strong Tick, with long Sleeves which came a great way below the ends of his Fingers; and so the Keeper clasped the Arms of the Prisoner upon his Breast, and his Hands round his Sides towards his Back, where his Hands were tied very firmly by large strong strings of Tape. The Apothecary seemed afterwards ashamed for ordering this *Strait-Wastecoat*, and even afraid it was a good Foundation for an Action against him; But the Prisoner having often told *London*, that he would not pay him a farthing for his Medicines, he thought fit to side with *Wightman* and *Oswald*, right or wrong, who had employed him, altho'

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once he put a letter from the Prisoner into the Penny-Post-Office directed for *Scot* at his Shop, yet afterwards he told the Prisoner, he was ordered to do so no more; and doubtless by the People in the *Poultry*. The Prisoner did not think it prudent to fall out altogether with *London*, being afraid he would have poisoned his Medicines, he acting in some respects like a deceitful young man, being guilty of lying and profane swearing, one of *Wright's* Companions, and too apt to concur in any thing with those who helped to consume his Drugs.

In the evening, the Prisoner endeavouring to slacken his Hands, and to get rid of the *Strait-Wastecoat*, by the help of the footpost of the bed, that was a few inches turned up with an acorn, was caught at it by *Davis* and *Wall*, who strongly fettered his Arms above the *Strait-Wastecoat*; and not permitting the Maid to feed him, he was obliged to eat his supper with his mouth like a Dog, as he did his breakfast and dinner the next day. Oh! what Difficulties he had to perform the Necessities of Nature in a becoming manner! which he did as well as he could in those unhappy Circumstances. The *Strait-Wastecoat* also hindered him from Sleep, and it was a great Mercy that this barbarous Usage did not throw him into a real Disorder.

There were but two of those *Strait-Wastecoats* in the house, which were made for a young Man a prisoner there, born Heir to an Estate in *Somersetshire* of about 1500 *l.* a Year, who by his sinful folly had caught the unclean Distemper, and from an unskilful hand had taken too much Mercury that got into his head, and had made him incurably mad.

This day, Serjeant-Major *Cruden* in *Dutchy-Lane* and his Wife, with two other Acquaintance, came, and most earnestly desired to see the Prisoner, but to no purpose, for *Davis* told them, he had Orders to allow none to see him without a written Order from *Wightman*, *Oswald*, or *Monro*: Nay, a Word of him from the window was denied, which made one of them say, that this Usage was worse than that of the Inquisition. Mr. *Cruden* on his return went to *Oswald* to demand an Order to visit the Prisoner, but he refused it, referring him to *Wightman*, tho' *Oswald* gave a Ticket to his own Maid and *John Duncan* to visit him next day.

The Lord's Day, March 26. *Davis* was deaf to all the Prisoner's Intreaties to take off the *Strait-Wastecoat*, and the Prisoner was much disturbed by the blasphemous cursing and swearing of a Patient in the publick Parlour, which made the Place a Resemblance of Hell: And the Prisoner's door being some time open, he said to some that came in, "That the

“way to be mad, was to be sent to a Madhouse.” And an Apothecary who hath been often at *Bethnal-Green*, declares, That if Persons be not mad when sent to the Madhouse, *Wright’s* People will make them mad if they can.’

In the afternoon one *John Duncan* and *Oswald’s* Maid were allowed to see the Prisoner by virtue of a written Order from *Oswald*; and they saw him in the *Strait-Wastecoat*, handcuffed and chained, and *Davis* would not loose him that he might be dressed. He intimated to the two Visitors his Design of making *Wightman* and *Oswald* suffer for their illegal and unjust Management.

The Prisoner having often called for *Wright’s* Wife, she came about six o’clock at night, and took off the *Strait-Wastecoat*, to let his hands be free: But at eight o’clock at night *Davis* came, and clothed him with it, and chained him as before.

Monday, March 27. *Davis* loosened his hands, but handcuffed him, and the Prisoner was visited in the afternoon by a Woman-Patient in the White-house that had liberty to go abroad, who treated him with some Tea.

At night *Davis* came, and tied him up in the *Strait-Wastecoat* as before.

Tuesday, March 28. About ten o’clock in the morning the Prisoner was the first time brought out of his room into the publick parlour among some of the Patients, when *Davis* took his hands from behind his back, but handcuffed him, and also chained his leg to the chimney-corner: But the Prisoner hating to be chained in the publick parlour with such disagreeable company, earnestly desired about noon rather to be chained in his own room, which was granted; and he sat in his own room, *wastecoated, handcuffed, and chained* to his bedstead till night, when *Davis* came and tied the sleeves of the *Strait-Wastecoat* as before, with his hands behind his back; so that he could go to bed, only by entring at the bed’s foot, the chain on his leg which was fixed to the foot of the bedstead, not being long enough to let him go to bed otherwise.

Wednesday, March 29. *Davis* did not open the sleeves of the *Strait-Wastecoat*, and the Prisoner was forced to stay in bed till the afternoon, when *Davis* perceiving that the Prisoner with his fingers had gradually made two holes in the sleeves of the *Strait-Wastecoat*, so large that he could get his hands out, *Davis*, in his sovereign Will and Pleasure, thought to take off the *Wastecoat*, but handcuffed him, and continued him chained to the foot of the bedstead. The Prisoner

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had a happy Deliverance, after he had wore that Coat of Mail about four or five days, and under all that barbarous Usage, the Prisoner enjoyed much inward Peace and Tranquillity, which upon constant Prayer to Heaven God was pleased graciously to favour him with; for having neither Books nor Conversation he employed a great part of his time in Devotion; and being rid of the *Strait-Waistcoat* he slept well that night.

Thursday, March 30. Dr. *Monro* came in his Chariot with *Wightman* to visit the Prisoner for the first time, tho' it was six days after he had ordered physick for him. The Prisoner not thinking it best to speak much to either of them, only expostulated about his unjust Confinement, and barbarous Usage, enough to convince them that he thought himself greatly injured. *Monro* ordered him to be blooded in the left foot, which was performed by *London* the Apothecary that evening, who took away so much blood that the foot was for some months after benumm'd.

Wightman told the Prisoner that he had made up an acquaintance with Dr. *Monro*, who became intirely *Wightman's* Creature, and was devoted to his Service. *Monro* had soon told *Wightman* that he had done an action he could not answer for, in confining the Prisoner, and that it was in his power to bring him to trouble; therefore *Monro* contrived all ways to screen *Wightman*. *Monro*, *Wightman*, *Oswald* and others fell into a way of Lying, and, as if neither Men nor Christians, they must go on in it: But Integrity and Uprightness are the best means of Preservation. One wrong step often tempts lofty proud Men to take many more. The Prisoner desires all his life to be thankful to God for his particular Care of him; for the Snares of his Adversaries were broken, and he escaped as a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowlers. The Prisoner had great Serenity in his Mind, and trusted that God would bring him out of all his Troubles. Their wicked Devices against him were frustrated most providentially; *Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud Waves be stayed*, Job xxxviii. 11.

Friday, March 31. The abovementioned *Thomas London* Apothecary being at *Bethnal-Green*, came and felt the Prisoner's Pulse, and said it was feverish, tho' on the 24th of *March*, as before observed, he had said that his Pulse was in good order, as *Job London* the other Apothecary had also said on the same 24th day, when these two strangers had no temptation to speak contrary to their real opinion: But supposing it to be true that the Prisoner's Pulse was feverish this 31st of *March*,

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March, no wise Man can wonder at it, who considers the above-mentioned Barbarity and cruel Usage of the Prisoner for seven days together.

The Prisoner's pockets having been rifled, he had no money, and therefore when he called on the servants in the Madhouse, they either did not answer him; or said, If you will be served, where is your money? But having now got a few shillings, and being now able a little to gratify the servants, he found it of some advantage; for this afternoon *Davis* unchained him from his bedstead, and allowed him to walk a little in the garden. There the Prisoner talked to a young Lady in the next garden, who had come to see an acquaintance in the Madhouse for the Women, and spoke so calmly, so sensibly, that the Lady said, she was surprised to see him handcuffed, which the Prisoner mentioned to *Davis* and the Housemaid: And the Prisoner now found it convenient to study to please the servants.

This afternoon the Prisoner being unchained was allowed to sit in the great parlour: Mr. *Turner* the Apothecary, Mr. *Kittleby* (whose son was a Patient) and the aforesaid *London* came in there, and conversed with him a long time. *London* talked about Books and Bookselling, and proposed to the Prisoner to change some books with him, and the Prisoner's conversation was very sensible, and mightily pleased *London*, as he himself declared; and this notwithstanding the strong Prejudices that *Wightman* and *Oswald* had instilled into this Apothecary. The Prisoner, before the said company, plainly told *London*, to acquaint those who had put him into the Madhouse, that if they did not speedily release him, he would demand legal Satisfaction in due time, and bring them to Shame and Punishment for the great Injuries done to him. At night *Davis* continued the Prisoner's handcuffs, and again chained him to the bedstead as usual.

Saturday, April 1. *Davis* came in the morning, when he pleased, to unchain the Prisoner, that he might get on his clothes, and allowed him to walk in the garden with his handcuffs: He employed himself that day in reading a book of Sermons, which he had borrowed from a Patient; and at night *Davis* continued his handcuffs, and chained him to the bedstead as usual.

The Lord's Day, April 2. *Davis* having unloosed the Prisoner's Chains in the morning, he went into the great Parlour with his handcuffs, where he met with a Patient Mrs. *Betty Atk*—on that was lodged there only for some particular Fancies, who otherwise seemed very rational and well:

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She went with him into his room, where they worshipped God together : And at night *Davis* being out of the way, the Housemaid was pleased to take off his handcuffs, and *Wall* chained him to his bedstead as usual.

Monday, April 3. This morning the Prisoner took a Vomit, as ordered by *Monro*, and prepared by *London* ; but tho' he was unchained, he was again handcuffed by *Davis*. At night he was chained to his bedstead as usual.

Tuesday, April 4. *Davis* came and unchained the Prisoner, but continued his handcuffs. In the afternoon the aforesaid *John Duncan*, and afterwards *Oswald's* Maid, came to see the Prisoner, and saw him handcuffed in his room, with whom he talked as rationally as any Man, and at night *Davis* took off his handcuffs, but again chained him to the bedstead as usual.

Wednesday, April 5. In the morning *Davis* came and unchained the Prisoner, but handcuffed him, and telling him that a friend wanted to see him at *Wright's* dwelling-house, which is the *Great-Madhouse*, called the *White-house*, or the *Blind-Beggar's House*, it having been, as is said, possessed by a Blind Beggar in favour with *Henry VII.* *Davis* and *Caesar* another servant guarded Mr. C. thither, where he was civilly received by *Wright* and his Wife, which Change in their Carriage made him somewhat astonished : For *Wright* carried him into the garden, and gave him a book to read in his parlour, a Paraphrase upon the Gospels and Epistles. *Wright's* Wife also shewed him several books. This Behaviour being mysterious to the Prisoner at first, he was apt to think they were sorry for detaining him so long unjustly ; for *Davis* had told him in going along to the *White-house*, that he should not blame *Wright* for his Confinement, but those that sent him to *Bethnal-Green*.

It may be observed that *Wright* and his Wife seem to have such an insatiable thirst after Money, that if the most judicious and prudent persons upon earth were sent thither with a good weekly allowance, they must be their Prisoners either with *Handcuffs*, *Chains* or *Strait-Wastecoats*, or with *wheedling Pretences* ; for *Wright's* Wife said that it is their way to execute the Orders of those that pay them, and send the Prisoner to the Madhouse. *Wightman* was to pay *Wright* a Guinea a week for the Prisoner ; he drank his own Tea in the morning, had commonly Butcher's Meat to dinner, and Bread and Milk for supper ; so that it's a question, whether the weekly Charge was to *Wright* over or under five shillings ; and *Wright's* people are fond to have such beneficial Prisoners.

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A *French Gentleman*, a Cornet in half-pay in the King's Service, but not handcuff'd, who had been about three or four years a Prisoner in this *White-house*, was brought and recommended by *Wright* to the Prisoner's acquaintance. These two Prisoners conversed in *French*, and unmannerly *Wright* demanded to know the subject of their conversation, he behaving himself like the *Grand-Turk*, and treating those about him as his Slaves.

The Prisoner and others think the Cornet unjustly confined, being a very sensible and rational Gentleman, who told the Prisoner that his Mother-in-law had confined him, lest he should have more Children by her Daughter his lawful Wife, but be that as it will it appears at present he wants no Confinement: The Cornet complained that Dr. *Monro* signed an Attestation of his being a Lunatick twice a year, that his friends might receive his pay. He said that the Doctor had a Guinea for each Subscription. No man can escape being called to an Account for his Actions at the Day of Judgment, tho' he may escape punishment from men.

Wright went to *London* before dinner, and the Prisoner conversed with the Cornet most of that day, dined with him handcuff'd, and played at Draughts with him and *Wright's* Wife in the afternoon; and behaved himself with uncommon Composure and Serenity. The Cornet and the Prisoner walked up and down, and beheld with Grief the many miserable Objects in the *White-house*, a Sight exceeding disagreeable to any man of a compassionate disposition, there being about forty or fifty Patients, some of them at four or five shillings a week: And *Wright* designed to confine the Prisoner in that *Great-Madhouse*, even tho' *Wrightman* had engaged to pay a guinea a week for him: But the Prisoner fearing that that was to be out of the *Frying-pan* into the *Fire*, most earnestly begged of *Wright's* Wife to send him back to his former room in the private Madhouse; and in the evening with great difficulty prevailed with her, having told her that he would pursue *Wright* for detaining him so long unjustly a Prisoner in his Madhouse.

Thursday, April 6. The Keeper knowing that Dr. *Monro* was coming to visit the Prisoner, thought fit to take off his handcuffs and chains, and the Doctor came between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and *Wrightman* with him: The Prisoner expostulated with *Monro* about his unjust Confinement, but *Monro*, like a bird upon the wing, made only a standing visit. *Wright's* Wife was this morning in the private Madhouse, and told *Davis* that the Prisoner had behaved very well at her house yesterday.

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The Prisoner at night was chained to the Bedstead as usual.

Friday, April 7. In the morning *Davis* unchained the Prisoner, and by *Dr. Monro's* advice allowed him to walk in the garden, yet fearing his Escape he was again handcuff'd; for that fear was the reason of his handcuffs and chains.

Saturday, April 8. *Davis* unchained the Prisoner, but handcuff'd him. About four o'clock *Scot* and *Oswald's* Wife came, and he prudently at this time received them in a very composed and decent manner, treated them with Tea, and conversed with them for about two or three hours, while he touching a little upon *Wightman's* bad conduct, said, he wanted to go to visit his friends at *Southgate*. *Oswald's* Wife said that, if he was always as well as at that time, he might go any where. The Prisoner said that his Behaviour at *White's-Alley* was not like that of a Madman. *Oswald's* Wife answered, that he used to bear every thing, and not be provoked. *Scot* at this time spoke against the wretched Management of those who had sent the Prisoner to *Bethnal-Green*; but the poor silly young man was afterwards taught to speak otherwise.

Oswald's Wife coming from *Wightman*, then her Lodger, desired the Prisoner to write a letter to his Father, for she said that *Wightman* was afraid he would not approve of his Conduct towards his Son; and the Prisoner replied, That no Man else in his right Wits could approve of it; that he had writ on *Thursday* last to his Father, and that if he was to write again, it would be in the same stile: But it seems this letter was intercepted, as many were afterwards. It is amazing that this *Virago* should after this long visit give credit to *Wightman's* Lies and Slanders against the Prisoner, namely that he was at certain times well, and at other times ill, which was one of vile *Wightman's* Calumnies: But the woman was loth to disoblige a good Lodger, and having, as it is said, by *Wightman's* Order, taken a room for the Prisoner at *Bethnal-Green*, whereby she became an Accomplice, she might be afraid of Punishment. This Woman is noted for being a scolding gossiping Woman, and has vigorously acted her part with the weapon of a false scolding Tongue. It seems that *Mr. Horton* thought this masculine Woman in the *Poultry* a dangerous and disagreeable Companion several years ago, for he expressly charged *Mrs. Horton* to keep no company with her.

Dr. Rogers of *Stamford* visited the Prisoner in the evening with *Mr. Colcot* Master of the *Castle-Tavern* in *Holbourn*, with whom the Prisoner talked very sensibly; and the Doctor desired

desired *Davis* to take off the Prisoner's handcuffs, but to no purpose.

The Prisoner was at night chained to his bedstead as usual.

The Lord's Day, April 9. *Davis* having unchained the Prisoner, he was reading in his New Testament, when *Wright* the Gaoler of the Madhouse came into his room, viewed his hands and feet, and then quickly went away; soon after *Davis* entered the room, and told the Prisoner he had express orders to handcuff him, which the Prisoner meekly submitted to.

The Prisoner was at night chain'd to his bedstead as usual.

Monday, April 10. The Prisoner being unchained by *Davis* was not handcuff'd till noon by *Wall*; and having received Pen, Ink and Paper from *Scot* the day before, the Prisoner wrote some letters to *Samuel Reynardson Esq*; one of the six Clerks in Chancery, and several of his friends, which he delivered to one *William Hollowell* servant to *Matthew Jackson* the Barber on *Bethnal-Green*, with money to put them in the Peny-Post; but *Wall* soon after pursued the Journeyman by *Wright's* express Order, and took from him the letters and money, which the Prisoner did not know of till some months after his miraculous Escape. *Wall* says he delivered all the letters (being eight in number) to *Wright*. The Prisoner receiving no answer in a few days, and being afraid that his friends neglected to assist him in obtaining his liberty, wrote to some Persons of Distinction, but the letters were all intercepted. *Mr. Kelsey Bull* Linen-Draper at the *Bear* in *Cornhill*, and *Mr. Frederick Bull* at the *Tea-Chest* over-against the *Royal-Exchange*, kindly visited him this afternoon, when the Prisoner spoke to them very sensibly, and told them of his barbarous Usage.

The Prisoner was chained at night to his bedstead as usual.

Tuesday, April 11. *Davis* having taken off the chain, the Prisoner was handcuff'd. In the afternoon *Scot* came to him with half a pound of Green-Tea, as a present from *Mr. Frederick Bull*, who had the day before been to visit the Prisoner. *Scot* owned that *Mr. Frederick Bull* declared to him, that the Prisoner spoke as sensibly as ever he had known him to do formerly.

The Prisoner at night was again chained to his bedstead.

Wednesday, April, 12. The Prisoner was unchained by *Davis*, but was handcuff'd. In the afternoon *Mr. Henry Newcome* Master of the famous Boarding-School at *Hackney*, with his Son *Mr. Peter*, came to visit the Prisoner. After some conversation the Prisoner asked *Mr. Newcome* his judgment of him, who replied, 'That if he had not seen
'him

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‘ him in this place, he should not have suspected him of the
‘ least Disorder, no more than when he saw him acting ra-
‘ tionally in his own shop.’ Mean while Dr. Rogers came in,
and after Mr. Newcome and his Son were gone, the Doctor
and the Prisoner talked very rationally about their worldly
concerns.

The Prisoner at night was chained to his bedstead as usual.
Thursday, April 13. Dr. *Monro* coming to *Bethnal-Green*,
as was usual, the Prisoner was neither chain’d nor handcuff’d.
About eight o’clock in the morning the Doctor came, and
was courteously received by the Prisoner, who desired him to
sit down. The Prisoner seriously reasoned the matter with
Monro, why he ordered him physick six days before he had
seen him, and why he took an account of his case, not
from himself but from *Wightman*, a proud and self-conceited
man; to which the Doctor replied, *That he understood his
own Business*: But the question was about *Monro’s* doing his
business.

Monro said farther, That *Wightman* had desired him to
ask the Prisoner, how he expected to get out of this dismal
place? The Prisoner answered, That he came thither with
submission to the Will of God, and he waited God’s time
for his Deliverance. *Monro* said, Do you expect that a
Miracle will be wrought for your Deliverance? The Prisoner
replied, That he had writ to some persons of the first Rank,
and if they did not assist him, he would write to others, in
order to be found in the use of Means. *Monro* was so un-
mannerly as to enquire, To whom he had written? But the
Prisoner told him, He knew that best himself. The Pri-
soner said to *Monro*, that he wanted to go to *Southgate* this
day, and that no body had power to hinder him from going;
and asked *Monro*, Who could hinder him? *Monro* replied
that *Wightman* would, and so went off. This conversation
between the Prisoner and *Monro* was in presence of *Wright*.
Presently after *Monro* was gone, *Davis* handcuff’d the Pri-
soner for fear of his escaping and going to *Southgate*.

The Prisoner was afterwards informed, that the Rev. Mr.
Farmer (who lodges at *Oswald’s*) told, that *Monro* had said
to *Wightman* and his Associates; “ *That the Prisoner was a*
“ *Man of Sense and Learning, and of a good Education, but*
“ *that he was a great Enthusiast; and he believed that he*
“ *thought that God would send an Angel from Heaven, or*
“ *would work some Miracle for his Deliverance.*” But the
Doctor misrepresented the Prisoner, for that he is no Stoick,
but

but believed in the Promise and Providence of God to be delivered in the use of Means.

About two hours after *Monro* was gone, *Wightman* came while the Prisoner was at his devotion: He waited some time in the garden, and was afterwards received very coldly by the Prisoner: He spoke nothing till *Wightman* began, and soon told him, that he came to speak about moving him from this unhappy place to private lodgings. The Prisoner was glad to hear of it, and withal told him that he wanted to go to *Southgate*. To which *Wightman* replied in a passion, that, if he talked of *Southgate*, he would not release him at all, for he knew his Case: But the Prisoner answered, that God knew his Case best, and fell into a flood of tears. This was while one *Gracious Butts* was present, who came to call for *Wightman*. The Prisoner asked *Wightman* what authority he had over him? He answered, That he would afterwards account to the Prisoner for what he had done. *Wightman* told the Prisoner the reason of his being again handcuff'd, was his talking to Dr. *Monro* of his going to *Southgate*. Mean while *Wright* came in, and began to incense *Wightman*, by insinuating that the Prisoner had talked against him to *Monro* that morning; but the Prisoner artfully prevented that conversation, fearing it might provoke *Wightman* to be the more averse to his Release, and earnestly desired to be released that day. *Wightman* said, that he would not release him at all if he was so peremptory, and that he had some preparations to make for his Release, which should be done as soon as possible. *Wightman* went away with *Butts*.

The Prisoner was chained at night to his bedstead as usual.

Friday, April 14. *Davis* came in the morning and unchained the Prisoner, who this day walked in the garden, and was visited about noon by one *John Robinson* an old acquaintance, who stayed with him about two or three hours, and hath declared that he behaved very sensibly. *Scot* came in the afternoon, and brought a letter to the Prisoner from his excellent and pious Friend the Rev. Mr. *John Willison* of *Dundee*, with a present of a book, called, *Plain Catechising*, which he had just published, and which the Prisoner read with much pleasure.

At night he was chained by *Davis* as usual.

This day is famous for the commencement of a Confederacy or Combination of *Wightman* and some of *Oswald's* friends to judge of the Prisoner's Case, to countenance *Wightman's* Proceedings, and to order what should be done with the Prisoner, as will appear by the next day's Journal. Cunning

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Wightman,

Wightman, and his Creature *Dr. Monro*, who had told *Wightman* of his illegal Management, willing to slip the collar off their own necks, had got *Dr. John Guyse*, *Mr. William Crookshank*, *John Cooke* Apothecary, and *John Oswald* Bookseller, to meet at *Oswald's* in the *Poultry*; when their Dictator *Wightman* informed them that he designed to set the Prisoner at liberty, and artfully desired their Concurrence in a sort of Decree, that the Prisoner should first sign a letter, importing that he should behave peaceably at his lodgings; and they yielded to decree the same: but like thoughtless men they did not demand to see the Letter that was to be sent by their Decree, as if they had acted by implicit Faith in *Wightman*, leaving the forming of it wholly to him.

Their blind Decrees made the Prisoner afterwards call this pretended Court *A BLIND-BENCH*, in a just contempt of those that had no power to decree any thing concerning him.

Saturday, April 15. *Davis* having unchained the Prisoner in the morning gave him some purging physick; and in the afternoon *Gracious Butts* came from *Wightman* with two letters dated this day. They were both writ by *Wightman*. One of them was directed to the Prisoner, wherein *Wightman* acquainted him, that the above-mentioned Persons had yesterday met at *Oswald's* in the *Poultry*, and had agreed that the Prisoner should go to private lodgings, provided he would sign the other letter, which was penn'd and writ by *Wightman*, and came at the same time by *Butts*. *Wightman* himself says in this letter, that the Prisoner comes not under the denomination of a Madman. If so, why did you, *Wightman*, send him to *Bethnal-Green*? But *Wightman* sometimes forgets himself, tho' a Liar ought to have a good Memory; and some of his own letters will be good Evidences against himself. The Prisoner's pretended Disorder ebbed or flowed as it served the Interest and Ends of *Wightman* and his Creature *Monro*: But time will determine whether the Prisoner or those two persons acted the most disorderly or most illegal Part.

Wightman was Clerk to the Prisoner, and penned his letter for him, and drew up a pretty full Pardon for himself for Crimes that were past, and an Indulgence for any thing he might be guilty of afterwards. Among other shocking Expressions this that follows is remarkable: "*I shall not Blame you, nor any of my friends for any thing that has happened or may happen.*" Tho' the Prisoner did not sign this letter, yet he thought it convenient not to send it back.

to *Wightman*, but has carefully kept it to be of use upon the Trial before the Court of the *King's Bench*.

After the Prisoner had read those letters, he desired *Butts* to withdraw; and after being earnest in Prayer for God's Direction, he called in *Butts*, and bid him tell *Wightman* that he received him in a composed and calm manner, that he would give all possible assurance that he should behave himself peaceably at his lodgings, but that he had no reason to sign the letter, but many reasons to the contrary, and therefore absolutely refused to do it. *Butts* replied, that he hoped the Prisoner would excuse him; because, tho' he had brought a Hackney-Coach to carry him from *Bethnal-Green*, he had peremptory Orders not to carry him from thence without signing the letter, and so he went off. *Wightman* had also sent a letter by *Butts* to *Wright* to release the Prisoner, which Mrs. *Wright* opening sent to the tavern for her Husband; but all in vain, because the Prisoner had not signed the letter.

At night the Prisoner was chain'd as usual.

The *Lord's Day*, April 16. The Prisoner was unchained as usual in the morning. *Wright* came into his room about ten o'clock, and took him by the hand, kindly saying, that next *Tuesday* he should go in his Coach with his Wife to see Lord *Castlemain's* house. Some time after, *John Robinson* came, and stayed with the Prisoner the greatest part of the day. About four o'clock *Claudius Bonner* the Compositor with his Wife, came with a written Order from *Oswald* to see the Prisoner; and soon after Dr. *Rogers* and Mr. *Colcot* Master of the *Castle-Tavern* in *Holbourn* came in a Coach, with whom the Prisoner talked very sensibly. They stay'd a considerable time, and drank Tea with him.

At night the Prisoner was chained as usual.

Monday, April 17. The Prisoner was unchained in the morning, and after dinner the Rev. Mr. *James Wood* (who lives on *Bethnal-Green*) paid him a most respectful visit, to whom the Prisoner read *Wightman's* Letter, and told him of his positive and flat Denial to comply with the contents thereof; and Mr. *Wood* said that he was in the right not to sign it. Next day Mr. *Wood* acquainted his Friends in the City, that he had found the Prisoner in very good Sense and Reason, and that he thought he had been ill-used, and earnestly wished that means were found for his Deliverance, which language greatly chagrined *Wightman*, *Oswald* and other Accomplices.

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In the evening Scot brought from *Wightman* the Prisoner's Account-Books, and the following Letter, spell'd and capital'd as in the Original.

To Mr. A. C.

London 17 Aprile 1738.

Dear Sir,

‘ Mr Scot the bearer hereof brings you the Books, that you
‘ may settle Doctor Rogers Account, Which for Your ease I
‘ have draun out, and left the Ballance open, least you should
‘ have something to add for your trouble about his Bond,
‘ Which I have delivered him up, taking his Receipt as from
‘ You, by my hands — Whereof I doubt not your approbation —
‘ You’ll observe an excrefcence of 10 Bottles Gout-oyll accompted
‘ for more than you have gott, which I apprehend arises
‘ from a Mistake in the last Account, in accompting to him
‘ for 26 Bottles Retaild, whereas I find no more than 18
‘ Bottles in the Book from 16 Octo. to 3 Jan. 1738 —
‘ Please write me an Order to pay Doctor Rogers Ballance
‘ after you have struck it.

‘ I am sorry you should Resolve to continue where You
‘ are, contrary to the opinion of all your good friends, Doctor
‘ Rogers and Doctor Stuckley not Excepted, it is to me a
‘ full proof that your disease continues in too great a Mea-
‘ sure — I will not urge you to sign the Letter I sent you,
‘ But I think, if you transcribed it verbatim, With your
‘ own hand, signed and sent it to me by the bearer you
‘ would do wisely and Wel, and in that Case I would
‘ come my self to morrow morning early, and Cary you to
‘ your Privat Lodging Nigh Hide park Corner — I truly am

Your faithful humble Servant

Robert Wightman

Ps. If their is any thing in my Draught of your Letter that is disagreeable, pray write one your self, possibly it may please Your other friends, and in that case it shall please me.

Scot said that *Wightman* very much wanted an answer to this letter : But the Prisoner refused giving any answer to this cunning and artful letter, being determined to make him suffer the Penalties due by Law for his uncommon Crimes. A judicious Attorney observed, upon reading this Letter, that *Wightman* did not write to the Prisoner, as if he

he had thought him a Madman. It will appear plainly to the reader, that *Wightman* was only willing to set the Prisoner at liberty upon an Assurance of his Pardon.

At night the Prisoner was chain'd to his bedstead as usual.

Tuesday, April 18. The Prisoner was unchained as usual. In the morning *Wright* came into his room, and saw him engaged with his Account-books, and asked him what he was about? He told *Wright* that he was settling *Dr. Rogers's* Account, and so *Wright* went off. Some time after *Dr. Rogers* came, and the Prisoner with solid judgment settled all that intricate Account to the Doctor's satisfaction, whereby it appeared that the Prisoner owed the Doctor only seven Pounds odd Money (whereas *Wightman*, in his Draught of the Account had brought in the Prisoner debtor for nineteen Pounds odd Money) for which the Doctor desired a Bill upon *Wightman*, which the Prisoner absolutely refused, but gave him a Bill upon *Scot*, which was punctually obeyed.

The Doctor owned to the Prisoner that he thought him as sound in judgment as ever he had seen him in his Life; nor could *Wightman* think him a Madman, when he sent him his Account-books, and desired him to draw a Bill upon him.

Wednesday, April 19. *Davis* having unchain'd the Prisoner in the morning, brought him a Vomit by *Monro's* Order: *John Robinson* came and saw him during the severe Operation; and at night *Davis*, by *Wright's* Order, again chained him to his bedstead.

This day the Rev. Mr. *Wood* came again to visit the Prisoner (before he went to *Bath*) with the Rev. Mr. *Masters*, the Rev. Mr. *Mitchel*, and Mr. *Holland* Watchmaker and his Wife. Mr. *Wood* told *Wright*, that having visited the Prisoner the other day, he conversed with him an hour and an half, and found his behaviour to be very good and very sensible, and therefore blamed *Wright* for detaining him a Prisoner. Mr. *Wood* farther said to *Wright*, 'My Character is as good as yours at any time; and I can declare that the Prisoner can give as good an Account of his Actions, as you can do of yours.' Upon which guilty *Wright* marched off, but quickly sent *Turner* the Keeper of his *Great-Madhouse* to tell Mr. *Wood* that if he did not forthwith go out of his Premises, he would find means to oblige him to make off: And so Mr. *Wood*, with his friends, prudently departed, as afraid of some scurvy consequence.

Thursday, April 20. *Davis* having unchained the Prisoner, *Dr. Monro* came to see him in the morning, with whom the Prisoner

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Prisoner expostulated about his unjust Imprisonment, having never been disordered or mad. The Doctor, without returning any Answer, went off. This was the fourth and last visit he ever received from Dr. *Monro*. The Prisoner received this morning by the Penny-Post a joint Letter, dated April 19, from Dr. *Stukeley* and Dr. *Rogers*, (the only one that he received from any person by the Penny-Post) wherein these two ingenious Gentlemen acquainted him, that they had been with *Wightman*, who promised to come as this morning to pay off his lodgings, and let him go where he pleased, and be at full liberty. Guilty *Wightman* had promised, but did not perform that promise, fearing he could get no Indemnity from the Prisoner for his unjust and cruel Management.

The Prisoner wrote a respectful answer to those Physicians, and returned them hearty thanks for their great care and kindness, but told them that he was resolved, to vindicate his own Character in a legal manner, as the only way to recover it.

The Prisoner was chain'd at night as usual.

Friday, April 21. The Prisoner was unchain'd in the morning, and towards noon the Prisoner's servant *Scot*, with one Mr. *Macbean*, came to acquaint him that *Oswald* had been at the Prisoner's Shop with a message from *Wightman*, demanding of *Scot* to deliver up to him the Accounts of the Prisoner's Affairs, and of the Books in his Shop: But the Prisoner charged *Scot* by a written Order, not to obey the said Demand of *Wightman*, and by him sent to *Wightman* the following letter;

Mr. Robert Wightman,

Mr. *Scot* surprises me by telling me that you want him to give up the Accounts of my Shop and Affairs to you. Pray, do I owe you any Money? Pray, what Right have you to make such a Demand? I know no more Right than a Turk or an Indian. As to your unaccountable and mad Steps in confining me in a Madhouse, I design, as God directs me, to vindicate my Character, and to bring you to due Punishment according to the Demerits of your uncommon Crimes. I know no Confusion my Business is in; if any want to see me about Business, they may write or come down to me at Bethnal-Green. I desire you may write me what conceited Pretences, or what sort of Reasons you can imagine for making this Demand. I believe before you be much older, your Heart will ake for your injurious Treatment of me. If you meddle with

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‘ with any of my Affairs, it shall be to the utmost Peril to
‘ yourself, and you may expect to suffer the utmost Penalties of
‘ Law. Pray expect you are to suffer, and to give an Ac-
‘ count upon Oath about your meddling already with my Affairs.
‘ Dated at Bethnal-Green April 21, 1738.

A. C.

The Prisoner gave *Scot* a packet of letters upon his promise faithfully to deliver them into the Peny-Post, but *Scot*, like an unfaithful servant, delivered them to *Wightman*.

At night the Prisoner was chain’d as usual.

Saturday, April 23. The Prisoner was unchained in the morning, and took a dose of physick prescribed by *Monro*; and in the afternoon Dr. *Guyse*, and Mr. *Guyse* his Son, and Mr. *Cooke* the Apothecary, and *Oswald* came to see the Prisoner, and entred his room without ceremony, or giving the least notice by any of the servants, whereby he was much surpris’d, but had presence of mind to order *Oswald* to retire, and blamed the rest for bringing him thither, whom they must know to be wholly disagreeable to him. Dr. *Guyse* appeared to be too earnest to screen *Wightman* and his Bookseller *Oswald* from Punishment, and soon discovered his Errand by exhorting the Prisoner to give *Wightman* a full Pardon; and knowing the Prisoner had a great esteem for him, the Doctor press’d it with much importunity and grave authority, even after the Prisoner had desired the company to call another cause, telling them that he thought it his Duty to vindicate his Character, and make *Wightman* suffer for the Injuries he had done him.

The Prisoner complain’d much to those three visitors of *Monro*’s conduct, and of his prescribing physick to him about a week before he had visited him, and of *Monro*’s never enquiring about the operation of his physick. Mr. *Cooke* said he supposed he might ask some of those questions at the Keeper. The Prisoner asked *Davis*, who told him that *Monro* had not asked him any questions. Pray, *Monro*, be pleas’d for the future, to shew some Concern for those you prescribe physick to, and enquire about its Operation, lest any body should say that you have not so much Concern for them as a Farrier hath for his Horses.

The Prisoner had ordered Tea to be brought in, and when the Maid was bringing the Tea, Mr. *Cooke* asked Dr. *Guyse* whether he would stay and drink some; but the Doctor refus’d it in a disrespectful manner, being chagrined that he had not prevail’d with the Prisoner for obtaining *Wightman*’s Pardon. The
Prisoner

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Prisoner earnestly requested the Doctor to pray by him, which he refused.

The Prisoner having finished a letter to his Father, giving him an account of all the unjust and barbarous Treatment he had met with, and of his Design to pursue *Wightman* in a legal manner, Mr. *Cooke* received it, promising to forward it to the General Post-Office; but the Prisoner found afterwards, that those three visitors, with *Oswald*, opened the letter, and delivered it to *Wightman*. The Prisoner has been told that it is Felony wickedly and maliciously to intercept letters; if so, those four men are four Felons: But what this intercepting of letters deserves in Law, must be decided by Law. The Prisoner behaved courteously towards them; but as they came without ceremony, so they went off without ceremony.

After they were gone *Davis* told the Prisoner, that *Oswald* had asked him how the Prisoner conducted himself. To which *Davis* answered, that in his opinion he was very well, very quiet and very peaceable. Pray, *Oswald*, how can you answer to your own Conscience for your gross Lies to people in your shop, and for your assisting *Wightman* to call the *Blind-Bench* together, for going to Mr. *Gines* with *Wightman*, and being his Porter and Attendant from time to time when he was endeavouring to get his Neck out of the Collar, by injuring the Prisoner more and more, and wickedly aiming to send him to *Bethlehem*. To be sure Dr. *Guyse's* Conduct made the Prisoner very uneasy, as was observed by the Housemaid, he not expecting it from his faithful and beloved Pastor.

The Prisoner was chained at night as usual.

The Lord's Day, April 23. The Prisoner being unchain'd spent the Sabbath religiously. He was visited by *John Robinson* and *William Simpson*, and in the afternoon by Mr. *Goodwin* of *Broadstreet* and his Son, to whom he told his uncommon Case. Having read to Mr. *Goodwin* *Wightman's* Letter for his Pardon, Mr. *Goodwin* approved of the Prisoner's not signing it, for that it was a cunning letter. The Rev. Mr. *Hugh Colley* of *Mile-End-Green*, with a Gentleman of his acquaintance, came in the evening and visited the Prisoner, who was of the same opinion about him with his friend Mr. *Newcome*, who had visited the Prisoner the 12th Instant. Mr. *Colley* asked, what sort of a man he could be that confined the Prisoner.

The Prisoner was chained at night as usual.

Monday, April 24. The Prisoner was unchained in the morning, but after dinner it was *Davis's* sovereign Will and Pleasure to chain him again to his bedstead; but before he did

did it he gave the Prisoner a Blow on the Face, which almost beat out his Eye, and much disfigured his Face, of which he was not recovered for some weeks. Mr. *Turner* the Apothecary with his Wife and Mr. *Mind* the Engraver came this day into his room, and saw him thus chained and abused. The Prisoner delivered to Mr. *Turner* a packet to be delivered to *Scot*, in which there were three or four Copies of an Advertisement to be printed in the News-papers, giving an account of his unjust and barbarous Treatment, and of his Resolution to pursue *Wightman* for his unjust Conduct: But *Davis* would not let the Gentleman carry this packet off, but seized it and the money given him by the Prisoner to send it by a Porter; and it is supposed the packet was afterwards sent to *Wightman*.

The Prisoner was chain'd at night as usual.

Tuesday, April 25. The Prisoner was unchained in the morning by *Davis*, who declared his sorrow for the Blow he had given him. The Prisoner sent to acquaint *Wright's* Wife with the Cruelty of *Davis*: She came to visit him, and seemingly was concerned at the severe Blow, therefore she ordered *Davis* no more to wait upon him, but put him intirely under the care of one *Anna Thomson*, that had been a Patient formerly, but was now a Servant in the private Madhouse. *Bonner* the Compositor at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*, where the Prisoner had been Corrector for five or six years, came again to visit him, with a written Order from *Wightman*; and the Prisoner putting confidence in him, shewed him a Copy of the foresaid Advertisement, but he went that night to *Wightman*, and, it is supposed, first acquainted him with it. *Wright's* Wife gave this afternoon the Prisoner a visit, and he reasoned with her about the Injustice of his Confinement, and told her that he had been always in his Senses from the beginning of his Confinement. She was not so blind as not to see that he was not a fit Person for her house, and said at this time, "*Why don't you go to a Country-Lodging, for we desire not your Confinement for our small Profit?*" But why did not she open the Doors of the Prison, and let him go?

The Prisoner was chained at night as usual.

Wednesday, April 26. The Prisoner was unchained in the morning. *Scot* came early to acquaint him that *Wightman* sent for him last night, and had ordered him to demand the foresaid Account-Books, which the Prisoner refused to deliver, for *Wightman* nor no man else had any Right to demand his Property. The Prisoner not having fully discovered *Scot's* unfaithfulness, communicated to him several Copies of the

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foresaid Advertisement, desiring *Scot* to deliver them carefully to the several Printers of the News-papers; yet *Scot* basely delivered them to *Wightman*. *Wightman* was apprised of the Prisoner's Intention to publish him in the News-papers, and therefore sent a Letter by *Scot* this morning to *Wright* to seize all his Papers, and not to allow him to have Pen, Ink and Paper. Soon after *Scot* was gone, the Tyrant *Wright* came in with great Authority, and violently seized the Prisoner's Account-Books, Papers, Copies, Pen and Ink, and every thing he found. The Prisoner commanded the Villain to restore his Books and Papers, else it should cost him dear another time; but he was deaf to all the Prisoner could say. Then *Wright* ordered *Davis*, *Turner* and *Cæsar* the Black to go and pull off the Prisoner's Shoes, and chain him strongly to the bedstead. The Prisoner charged the Ruffians to remember what they did, for they must answer for it another time: But they replied, We must obey our Master's Orders.

The foresaid *Anna Thomson* had strict Orders given her to lock the Prisoner's room night and day, and to let none come to see him, but by an Order from *Wightman*. This cruel Treatment was to prevent the Prisoner from either giving or receiving letters: And from henceforward the Prisoner was never unchained, until he made his amazing Escape *May 31*, so that every night he was forced to go in by the foot of the bed, and his Breeches were never off for the space of five weeks.

Thursday, April 27. The Prisoner still chained night and day, was told this morning by *Davis*, that *Oswald* and his Wife were at the door to wait upon him, but the Prisoner charged him not to bring them in, for he would not at all see them upon any pretence whatsoever: But his two Friends Serjeant-Major *Cruden* and his Wife came with an Order to see him, which by great importunity they had obtained from *Monro*, and staid with him about three hours: *Oswald* and his Wife were only falsely and artfully said by *Davis* to be at the door, that his two Friends might not be admitted to see him; but happily the Prisoner knew Serjeant *Cruden*'s voice, when he was intreating to come in, and expressed his ready inclination to see him. They were agreeably surpris'd to find him intirely sedate and judicious, contrary to the false reports raised against him, and told them this morning by three false men *Wightman*, *Monro* and *Wright*. They told the Prisoner, that having asked *Monro* that morning, whether his Distemper was Lunacy? the Doctor said, no, but only a Fever on the Nerves.

The Prisoner gave his Friends a plain and pertinent Account of the Barbarities he had hitherto undergone, and that he could easily get out, would he sign a Pardon for *Wightman* according to his earnest Request, but that he would never do it, thinking it a dishonourable thing. The Serjeant being much concerned for the Prisoner, and afraid of his Enemies entring into a Design to murder him, humbly requested him to comply with any thing to get out of that dismal place: The Prisoner replied, that he would sign no Paper, but what he would stand by, and that God would take care of him. The Serjeant said, that *Wright*, before he came in, had shewn him an Order from *Wightman* to seize the Prisoner's Account-Books, Pen and Ink, and every thing else. Mean while *Wright* came in, and taking the Prisoner kindly by the hand, told him, that he indeed had a Letter from *Wightman*, ordering him to do what he did the day before. The Serjeant and his Wife were moved at the Prisoner's present afflicted Situation, but were glad to see him bear it so patiently, and withal told him, that his cunning and powerful Enemies designed to send him to *Bethlehem* on *Saturday* se'nnight, as *Monro* had told them that morning.

This much affected the Prisoner, tho' he was glad of the Discovery which he found in a few days to be the Decree of the *BLIND-BENCH*, who had agreed to keep it a Secret from the Prisoner till they could get the Porters of *Bethlehem* to carry him from *Bethnal-Green* to *Marefields*; but Murder will out. Mrs. *Cruden* stepping out into the garden, asked *Anna Thomson*, if the Prisoner was always as well and sensible as now; and *Thomson* answered, that she never saw him otherwise.

The Prisoner, by the Help of a Pencil and a piece of Paper from his Friend the Serjeant, wrote the names of many Friends, to whom he desired the Serjeant to go and acquaint them with his deplorable Case, that they might come and see him, and find means to extricate him out of that hellish Place, which the Serjeant carefully obeyed, tho' in vain; for people are naturally shy of concerning themselves with a person in the Prisoner's afflicted situation, some of them having been poisoned by *Wightman* and his Accomplices.

After the Prisoner's Friends were gone, whom he heartily thanked for their kind and seasonable visit; he being much cast down with the Thoughts of *Bethlehem*, as what would make him intirely useless, (few considering the Injustice of the Case) and render his Works and former Usefulness despicable, went to his usual Asylum the Throne of Grace, and

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prayed earnestly that God would discover ways and means for his Deliverance in due time, and would frustrate the devices of his Enemies.

Friday, April 28. The Prisoner being chain'd to the bedstead night and day as before, was only visited by his Keeper *Anna Thomson*, others being denied access.

Saturday, April 29. The Prisoner desiring *Anna Thomson* to bring him some Paper and Ink; she replied, she durst not do it, they having solemnly sworn her that she should do no such thing, else she could be no longer his Keeper; and in the afternoon *William Hollowel* the Barber's Man on the *Green*, coming to shave him, the Prisoner gave him some money to bring him Paper and Ink, when he return'd with his Periwig; but the Russian *Davis* suspecting it, rifled *Hollowel* on his return, and seized the Paper and Ink.

The Lord's Day, April 30. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day worshipped God alone, having none to join with him. In the afternoon *Oswald's* Maid and Apprentice came as Spies to visit him, and asked him about Serjeant *Cruden's* meddling in his Affairs: The Prisoner told them that he had impowered him so to do, but that he had not impowered *Wightman* and his Accomplices to meddle in any of his Concerns. The Prisoner observing the Apprentice to have a Bible in his pocket, with much difficulty prevailed with him to leave it. *Oswald's* Wife sent afterwards for it, but the Prisoner did not regard her.

Monday, May 1. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day had no visitors, but comforted himself with his Bible and Devotions.

Tuesday, May 2. The Prisoner being chained night and day had no visitors, and could only converse with himself and his God.

Wednesday, May 3. The Prisoner being chain'd night and day was visited by *Hollowel* the Barber's Man, with whom he again prevailed to bring him some Paper and Ink, which he artfully conveyed to him when he brought his Periwig; and this day he wrote several Letters to his Friends, especially about the barbarous Design of sending him to *Bethlehem*. *Wright* came this day and told the Prisoner that *Wightman* had sent for his Account-Books. He answered, that *Wightman* had no Right to concern himself with him or his Account-Books, and that if *Wright* delivered them up to him, he would make him answerable. *Wright* thought fit for once not to obey *Wightman*.

Thursday,

Thursday, May 4. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day, *Oswald's* Maid came in the morning, and earnestly requested to know who informed him of the Decree of the BLIND-BENCH for sending him to *Bethlehem*, but he gave her no satisfaction. After staying eight hours he asked her seriously, what signs of madness she had found in him? She could not instance any, but only foolishly mentioned his peremptory Refusal to see *Wightman*, *Oswald* and his Wife.

The Prisoner earnestly requested her to give him some discovery of the Design of sending him to *Bethlehem*: She replied, with much reluctance, that it had been decreed by the BLIND-BENCH, who had faithfully promised to keep it a mighty Secret from the Prisoner and his Friends; and that *Wightman* and *Horton* (one of the BLIND-BENCH) had endeavoured to get the Officers of the Parish of *St. Christopher's*, where the Prisoner's Shop stood, to assist in getting him sent to *Bethlehem*, which she understood the Parish was to do.

The Prisoner had writ several letters yesterday, and waited an opportunity of sending them: But he discovered that *Oswald's* Maid was not a fit person to be trusted with them. *Anna Thomson* told the Prisoner, after the Maid was gone, that the Servants looked thro' the lock-hole of the door, when *Oswald's* Maid was with him, to see if he was writing, they suspecting the Maid would carry some letters for him. *Thomson* said, that they were to have searched the Maid narrowly, had not they been satisfied that the Prisoner did not write any letters at that time. The Prisoner this evening demanded his Account-Books of *Davis*, which *Wright* had delivered to him, and *Davis* thought fit to restore them.

Friday, May 5. The Prisoner being chained night and day rose betimes to write a letter to the Governors of *Bethlehem*, and also one to the Officers of *St. Christopher's* Parish, and some other letters. The letter to the said Governors was as moving and affecting a letter as could be penned, for he was perhaps more afraid of *Bethlehem* than of Death, and this letter could not fail to make an impression upon Men of Humanity and of natural Compassion. He sent on purpose for *Hollowel* about noon to shave him, and with much ado persuaded him to conceal the packet of letters in his Breeches, and carry it to the Peny-Post on *Bethnal-Green*, which came safe to Serjeant *Cruden* who took care of the inclosed.

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In the evening *John Duncan* came to visit the Prisoner by an Order from *Oswald's* Apprentice. The Prisoner bid him tell *Wightman* that he intended to pursue him to the utmost for the many Injuries he had done him, and desired him to call upon Mr. *Harwood* the Attorney to be so good as to come and see him. *Duncan* told the Prisoner that he would do well to be cautious to whom he intrusted his Letters or Commissions, for he had reason to believe that every body betrayed him. The said *Duncan* told the Prisoner that *Oswald's* Maid was not to have liberty to see him any more, because she had declared that the Prisoner was well.

Saturday, May 6. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, devoted this morning and every *Saturday* morning to Prayer and other religious Duties. He was uneasy and cast down in Spirit, fearing the Porters of *Bethlehem* should come to fetch him thither, and acquainted *Davis* with his Concern, who told him, that he need not be afraid of their coming to day, for that they usually come betimes in the morning, having their Orders over night.

Serjeant *Cruden*, at the Prisoner's earnest Request, writ to many of his Acquaintance about his unjust Imprisonment and barbarous Treatment, which greatly chagrined *Wightman*, *Oswald* and other Accomplices. *Wightman*, in his profound Penetration, penn'd a threatening and false letter to send to Serjeant *Cruden*, and desired the favour of *Scot* to sign it, wherein *Scot* told Serjeant *Cruden*, "That his Conduct in writing to Mr. Gines and Mr. Hitch, and declaring that the Prisoner at Bethnal-Green was not in disorder, and was ill-used in being placed at Bethnal-Green, was very much resented by *Wightman* and others." *Scot* in this letter falsely asserts, that Serjeant *Cruden* had said, that the Prisoner at *Bethnal-Green* was disordered. In this letter there were several Queries, namely, "Do you discern the Consequences of such Conduct? Is it not to declare, that Dr. *Monro* and several others are Rogues and Fools?" If they be Rogues and Fools, they ought to be punished for their Roguery and Folly, and time will discover whether it be so or no. *Scot* says, "Do you think they will bear with it, and not call you to an Account?" *Scot* says that *Wightman* will call Serjeant *Cruden* to a severe Account, but the Serjeant was not at all afraid of him, and would not be terrified or wheedled into a Compliance, as others had been.

Serjeant *Cruden*, *May 6*, answered *Wightman*, and not *Scot*, and justly despised his Threatnings, and writ as follows; "Last Saturday, April 29, I received a very threatening Letter
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"from one John Scot, that looks after Mr. C.'s Shop, setting forth my bad Conduct in writing to Mr. Gines and Mr. Hitch that Mr. C. is not disorder'd, and is ill-used in being placed at Bethnal-Green, is very much resented by Dr. Monro and you. I writ, at my Friend's Desire, not only to them but to a great many more of his Acquaintance. As I found him restrained from the use of Pen, Ink, and Paper, I wrote to all of them to the same purport. I intimated to the Persons I writ to, that he was very well in his Senses during the time I was in his Company, which was from nine in the morning till past twelve a'clock. As for what Scot writes [or rather *Wightman*] of my being satisfied that Mr. C. was much disorder'd by the Report of Dr. Monro before I saw Mr. C. as also by the Report of Mr. Wright the Keeper of the Madhouse, I must certainly conclude him mad. But when I came into his Company, I found him quite otherwise, both as to talking and acting during the three hours I spent in his Company. I thought him as rational as ever I saw him during the time of our Acquaintance, which is about seven or eight Years. I find by your Letter to him of April 17, that you judged him capable of adjusting Accounts betwixt Dr. Rogers and himself. As for his transcribing or signing the Letter you sent him, he is determined not to do it." Serjeant Cruden desired an Answer to this Letter, but *Wightman* never did nor never can answer it, even with the help of his Friend *Monro*, who has ventured every thing to screen *Wightman* from punishment. *Samuel Wallahove*-mentioned said that *Wright* and his Wife often give Orders to their Servants, without any regard to Truth, to say of some Prisoners to any that want to see them, that they are very ill, and not fit to be seen; but *Wightman* and *Monro* ought not to have been false Men, as *Wright* and his Servants are.

The Lord's Day, May 7. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, was only visited by his Keeper *Anna Thomson*, and spent the Sabbath religiously alone.

Monday, May 8. The Prisoner still chained night and day had no visitors, and passed a great part of his time very agreeably in the exercises of Devotion, having such uncommon Peace and Serenity in his Mind, that *Bethnal-Green* was in some respects rather a Palace than a Prison.

Tuesday, May 9. The Prisoner still chain'd night and day had no visitors, and passed his time as usual.

Wednesday, May 10. The Prisoner still chain'd night and day had no visitors, but *Hallowel* that shayed him. *Hallowel* was strictly charged by *Davis* to carry out no letters, and, if

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If he should receive any from the Prisoner, to deliver them to him.

Thursday, May 11. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day, had no visitors, but passed his time agreeably alone.

Friday, May 12. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day, had no visitors, and passed his time as usual.

Saturday, May 13. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day had no visitors, but *Hollowel* that shaved him. The Prisoner every morning dressed as well as he could, that he might appear clean and decent, and in no respect resemble the poor Prisoners on *Bethnal-Green*.

The Lord's-Day, May 14. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day, spent the *Sabbath* religiously alone.

Monday, May 15. The Prisoner being still chained night and day had no visitors, and was much employed in writing letters which were barbarously intercepted.

Tuesday, May 16. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day had a short visit from *Wright* about noon, who came in when the Prisoner was writing letters, but he artfully and speedily concealed every thing in his bed: *Wright* said, "Why do you not make up matters with *Wightman*, and get from hence, and be thankful for being well?" The Prisoner said very little to him, for he mightily wanted him to be gone, his Letters, Pen and Ink being only concealed by the curtains of the bed being drawn.

Wednesday, May 17. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day had no visitors but *Hollowel* that shaved him.

Thursday, May 18. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, *Dr. Monro* coming as usual to visit his Patients, and the Prisoner hearing his voice in the adjacent room called upon him; but the Doctor replied, "That he had nothing to say to the Prisoner, nor any thing to do with him."

Mr. Kelsey Bull and *Mr. Frederick Bull*, who had been last week denied access by *Wright's* Wife for want of a Ticket from *Wightman*, now came with one about noon; for it was common with *Wright's* Wife either to swear the Prisoner was not there, or that he could not be seen without an Order from *Wightman*; particularly *Mr. Rouse* the Attorney, *Mr. Oliver* the Printer, &c. were denied access, tho' they were sent for by the Prisoner, and earnestly begged to see him.

The Prisoner told these two kind Gentlemen, that he had lived above three weeks past, cut off from Company and Conversation, chain'd night and day to the bedstead, being robb'd of his Account-Books, Letters and Papers, and with
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the utmost difficulty had obtained a little paper and ink, nay more, that he had been often afraid of being assassinated in the night-time. The Prisoner intreated the favour of one of these gentlemen to step out, and buy some paper for him on the *Green*; but lest *Davis* should have a suspicion, and not allow access a second time; therefore the Prisoner contrived a message to *Wright's* wife at the *White-house*; and Mr. *Kelsey Bull* was so kind as to go to her, and at the same time to buy some paper for the Prisoner.

These gentlemen promised, at the Prisoner's request, to speak to a gentleman of the Lord Mayor's acquaintance in order to pave the way for an effectual application to take the Prisoner under his Lordship's protection, and deliver him from his horrid confinement, *but his salvation was evidently from God, and not from Man.* The Gentlemen told the Prisoner, that if their Mother's health had permitted, she had gladly seen him in a kindly manner before now.

Friday, May 19. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, in the afternoon was visited again by Mr. *Kelsey Bull*, and Mr. *Frederick Bull* with his young Lady, and Mr. *Thomas Fletcher* of *Ware*. His good Friend Mr. *Frederick Bull* set him up with a quire of Paper, a bottle of Ink, and a quarter of a hundred of Pens, which the Prisoner artfully hid under his bed. The Prisoner asked Mr. *Kelsey Bull*, whether the **BLIND-BENCH** had laid aside their design of sending him to *Bethlehem*? He answered that they had not, and that they had met last *Tuesday*, but soon broke up without doing much business. The Prisoner was evidently much concerned about the wicked contrivance of *Monro*, *Wightman*, and the **BLIND-BENCH** to send him to *Bethlehem*: Mr. *Kelsey Bull* said, that he did not believe that the Governors would receive the Prisoner, he not being a proper Patient for that place. The Prisoner had some reason to be afraid of the unjust influence of *Monro*, the mad Doctor of *Bethlehem*, who was *Wightman's* devoted Creature, and acted as if he had been determined to sign a blank to screen him from punishment. The Prisoner often asked, what business they had to do with him? But this Question can never be answered, neither by the **BLIND-BENCH** nor *Wightman*.

The Prisoner being still under disquieting fears of being carried to *Bethlehem*, this day wrote another Letter to the Governors, which Mr. *Frederick Bull* took care to get presented to them, while at board, next Day by his Uncle Mr. *William Bull*. One of the Governors asked him, if it related to the *Queen's Bookseller*? Mr. *Bull* said, it did. The Governor
replied,

replied, I know him, and tell him to be easy, for he shall not be brought into this house; but the Prisoner knew nothing of this kind message till after he had made his Escape, and therefore continued under his racking fears. Mr. *Fletcher* greatly approved of this letter to the Governors, and hath declared that nothing could be writ more to the purpose. Mr. *Fletcher* desired a succinct Account of the Prisoner's Sufferings, and upon hearing them rehearsed, was much concerned to find he had been so unjustly and barbarously used. The Prisoner wrote also a Letter to *Wightman*, demanding by what Authority he, a mere Stranger, who had never been, except the week before his Confinement, twelve hours in his company, had usurped a Power over him against Law and Equity, &c. which Letter Mr. *Frederick Bull* delivered next *Tuesday* to the BLIND-BENCH; and when read before them it influenced one of their new members Mr. *Thomas Morison*, to declare it was a well-penn'd Letter, and discovered nothing of madness in its Author; and therefore Mr. *Morison* never attended that Bench any more. *Wightman* had that day cunningly invited Mr. *Morison* to dine with him, and asked him to be one of the sureties to the Governors of *Bethlehem*, in order to make way for the Prisoner's being transported to *Bethlehem*, but Mr. *Morison* wisely declined it.

Saturday, May 20. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, was visited by no body but *Hollowel* that shaved him. In the afternoon he wrote a Letter to the Lord Mayor and to two other Gentlemen, but they were intercepted and carried to *Wightman*.

The Lord's Day, May 21. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, spent the *Sabbath* religiously, and worshipped God alone.

Monday, May 22. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day, had no visitors. He writ this day to the Lord Mayor and to others, but the Letters came into Pirate *Wightman's* hands.

Tuesday, May 23. The Prisoner being still chain'd night and day, Mr. *Crookshank*, a Member of the BLIND-BENCH, came in the Evening to *Bethnal-Green*, and told him that this day those wise conspirators had read a Letter of the Prisoner's to his Father, which had been intercepted by *Wightman*, and that the BLIND-BENCH had under their consideration the design of sending him to *Bethlehem*. It was their usual custom to read the Prisoner's Letters that were intercepted by *Wightman*, when he presented them to the Bench. The Prisoner asked Mr. *Crookshank*, what business had the BLIND-BENCH to

to meddle with him, upon the supposition he had been really mad? He answered, that they would meddle.

Wednesday, May 24. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, was visited by no body, but *Hollowel* that shaved him.

Thursday, May 25. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, wrote several Letters, particularly one to the Lord Mayor, and to some persons of distinction, but they were all intercepted.

Friday, May 26. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, spent his time as usual. *Anna Thomson* his keeper came into his room before he went to bed, and said that she had listned to hear his prayers, and that he prayed so hard that nothing could go against him.

Saturday, May 27. The Prisoner being still chained night and day to his bedstead in this hot season, and being alarmed with being sent to *Bethlehem*, happily projected to cut the bedstead thro' with a knife with which he eat his victuals. He made some progress in it this day. In the afternoon Mr. *Willock* the Bookseller came in *Wightman's* name, desiring to know the state of Mr. *Conon's* account with the Prisoner, for *Wightman* was ready to settle it with him. The Prisoner answered that he had nothing to do with *Wightman*, and would settle no accounts in concert with him, who had no power to meddle in his Affairs, and that therefore he hoped that Mr. *Conon* would wait a little longer.

The Lord's Day, May 28. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, made his own bed himself very early to conceal his design, but used not his knife this day upon the bedstead. *Thomas Lindon* Apothecary, with a Friend, came to see him, who declared that he found him in the full exercise of his reason and judgment.

Monday, May 29. The Prisoner being still chained night and day, took Physick by *Monro's* order in the morning; and in the afternoon he again used his knife upon the bedstead,

Tuesday, May 30. The Prisoner being still chained wrote a Letter to Serjeant *Cruden* to send him a hand-saw, doubting of the strength of the knife, but providentially did not deliver this Letter to his woman-keeper; for if he had, it had certainly fallen into *Wright's* Wife's hands, and been sent to *Wightman*, as other Letters were by that unfaithful woman's means, and so his Escape had been prevented, and he had been most severely used. Therefore he went to work again, prayed hard and wrought hard, till his Shirt was almost as wet as if dipt in water; and as if he had received more than common Vigour and Strength, he finished the great

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Operation about four o'clock in the afternoon : Upon which he kneeled down and returned God thanks. Then he sent for *Hollowel* to shave him, and began to prepare for his Escape. He prayed at night that he might awake seasonably for his Escape, and he slept some hours that night as sound as ever he did in his life, chearfully and believingly committing this affair to God *who had never left him nor forsaken him.*

Wednesday, May 31. The Prisoner's birth-day, he awoke early, performed his Devotions, held his chain in his hand still fastened to his leg, and deliberately got out at the Window into the Garden, mounted the Garden-wall with much difficulty, lost one of his slippers, and jumped down into the back-way, just before the clock struck two. He went towards *Mile-End*, and his left-foot that wanted a slipper was sorely hurt by the gravel-stones, which greatly afflicted him, and obliged him to put the slipper on the left-foot. From thence he went towards *White-Chapel*, and in his way met with a kind Soldier, who, upon hearing his Case, endeavoured to get him a Coach, but in vain ; therefore he and the Soldier walked undiscovered till they came to *Aldgate*, where the Watchmen perceiving a chain, and suspecting him to be a person broke out of Goal, several Watchmen and the Constable Mr. *Wardly* followed him to *Leadenhall-street*, and brought him back to *Aldgate* watch-house. He acquainted the two Constables Mr. *Ward* and Mr. *Wardly* with his Case, which did much affect them. They allowed him some refreshment, and promised to carry him before my Lord Mayor, but sent a Watchman privately to *Bethnal-Green*, to know the certainty of the Account ; upon which *Davis* and two more of their bull-dogs came to the Watch-house with handcuffs to carry back the Prisoner ; but the Constable perceiving his meek and sedate Conversation, would not allow it, but desired *Wright* their master to come before my Lord Mayor, at *Grocers Hall*, about 11 o'clock, where he would see his Prisoner.

The Prisoner after five o'clock desired the Constable to carry him in a coach to *North's Coffee-House* near *Guild-Hall*, where he was much refreshed and heartened about five hours. A Printer at *Aberdeen* in *Scotland* came this morning to the Coffee-house, and artfully insinuated to the Constable, that it would be the best way to deliver up the Prisoner to be confined some time longer. This Printer lodged at *Granr's* in *White's-Alley*, and it is supposed that he was sent thither by *Wightman* and *Oswald*, with whom he became suddenly much acquainted ; and it's certain that he falsely said to the Prisoner, that he came

to the Coffee-house accidentally without knowing of his being there. He was received kindly by the Prisoner, he being lately come from *Scotland*; but this false man, as the Constable rightly judged, proved very treacherous in several respects; and particularly upon his going to *Scotland* he greatly injured the Prisoner by poisoning his relations with false reports; and his falsehood is attended with great ingratitude, he being some years ago greatly obliged to the Prisoner, upon his first coming as a Journeyman to *London*, but now *Oswald* is become his Correspondent, and the Printer appears to be a selfish, ungrateful man.

The Prisoner went to *Grocers-hall* about eleven o'clock, with his chains on, for he would not have them taken off till the Lord Mayor should see them. Before he appeared, *Wightman* with some of his friends had been with his Lordship, in order to fill him with Prejudices against the Prisoner: And *Wightman* hearing the Constable speak very favourably of the Prisoner, and of his rational Behaviour, gave him half-a-crown, which the Constable looked upon as a bribe to be silent; and *Wightman* was so base as afterwards to charge it to the Prisoner. The Constable told his Lordship the situation of the Prisoner when he seiz'd him; and the Prisoner gave his Lordship a just and full account of his illegal and barbarous Imprisonment, and demanded that *Wightman* might be immediately sent to *Newgate*, or held to bail. To which his Lordship made no reply.

The Prisoner was several hours in bed at *North's Coffee-house*, and had not time to send for his friends; but *Wightman* was surrounded both with friends and wretched Tools; for *London* the Apothecary, and *Grant* of *White's-Alley*, both took their oath before his Lordship that the Prisoner was *Lunatick*, tho' *Grant*, poor Creature, knows no more what is meant by *Lunatick*, than a Child of a year old, and had not seen the Prisoner for nine weeks and six days before. The Prisoner told his Lordship that, if he had complied with *Wightman's* earnest request to pardon him, he had long ago been out of that dismal place, but that he was always resolved to vindicate his own Character, and to have legal satisfaction. For proof of which the Prisoner shewed his Lordship the joint Letter of Dr. *Stukeley* and Dr. *Rogers*, which his Lordship read. His Lordship asked why he appeared before him with his Chain? To which the Prisoner replied, that this chain being put on by illegal power, he was resolved to have it taken off by legal authority; and accordingly the Constable unlocked the chain in the presence of his Lordship. He also told

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told his Lordship that base *Wightman* had intercepted all his Letters, and several to his Lordship, particularly one writ last week, which *Wightman*, like a cat who had lost her tail, sneakingly took out of his pocket, it being opened, and gave it to his Lordship. Vile *Wightman* said to his Lordship, that no body would receive the Prisoner as a lodger: To which the Prisoner answered that it was abominably false, and he named an honest family that would heartily receive him. Then the Lord Mayor said to the Prisoner, Will you submit to Dr. *Monro's* Judgment? Which he refused to do with indignation, knowing him to be intirely *Wightman's* Creature from his gross lies and calumnies against him. He offered to refer his Case to Dr. *Stukeley*, but no Physician came. It is supposed, that *Monro*, *Wightman's* Tool, was at hand, ready to assert any thing, right or wrong, to screen guilty *Wightman*.

But when the Prisoner saw *Wightman* endeavouring to have him still under his care, he fell upon his knees before Sir *John Barnard*, and begged most earnestly not to be delivered into the hands of cruel *Wightman*, but rather into the hands of an honest Constable, or any body his Lordship pleased: And rising from his knees he pulled up his courage, and told his Lordship plainly, that he perceived *Wightman* had poisoned him too much, but that if his Lordship, or the greatest subject in *England* should send him to a Madhouse (when he was not mad) he would pursue him to the utmost. Then Providence soon gave a turn to the matter, and his Lordship recommended him to a lodging in *Downing-street*. And so Mr. C. glad to be delivered out of *Wightman's* power, went in a Coach from *Grocers-hall*, to Mr. *Morgan's* Joiner in *Downing-street* near *Hide-park-corner* this 31st of *May*, 1738; and there Mrs. *Morgan* his landlady took great care of him, particularly of his foot that had been greatly hurt this Morning, and was now much swelled. *Wightman* was much chagrined at the Prisoner's Escape, and refused at first to pay *Wright*, saying that he could not answer for his Escape.

Thursday, June 1, One *Butts* came to Mr. C. in the morning, and Mr. C. sent him to *Bethnal-Green*, with the Schedule of his things, and an order to *Wright* to deliver them to him, which order was despised by *Wright*, who sent Mr. C's account-books, paper, linen, and other things to *Wightman*: But whether *Butts* told that he went to *Bethnal-Green* bona fide or falsely by the instigation of *Wightman*, remains a question; for *Wightman* yet aimed to make Mr. C. his Prisoner, thinking it the way to escape punishment. Mr. C.

was

was all day at home, and in the afternoon was visited by Mrs. Galloway; and afterwards by Serjeant Cruden and William Simpson; Mr. C. sent for a tankard of Beer to treat Mr. Cruden and Mr. Simpson, and drinking to them, Butts, a Tool of Wightman's, interposed in a passion, saying, it was too strong drink for him, and would not allow him to drink any of it. What, quoth the Serjeant, have you only brought Mr. C. from one Prison to another? Or must he be still under the Tyranny of Wightman and his Tools? Hold, says Mr. C. be this as it will, I will drink no strong Beer, that I may give no Offence. Mr. C. was also visited this day by his good friend Mr. Frederick Bull.

In the evening Mr. C. was visited by the Rev. Mr. Crookshank and Mrs. Gardner, who spoke very civilly to him, and entertained him with some wishes and prophecies. They both said, "That Mr. C. would be a great man, and make a great figure at court, and looked upon his Troubles to be designed by providence, to be an Introduction and Preparation to his future Advancement, and several things to this purpose; and particularly Mr. Crookshank said, that Mr. C. was Joseph, meaning that God would be with him, bless him, and make him a prosperous man after his Reproaches and Troubles." Mr. C. said, "That he was willing to be as humble or as exalted as God pleased." But let the world judge if this Prophet hath acted a consistent part; for if Mr. C. be a Joseph, Mr. Crookshank hath consented to let Joseph down into the Pit, by being in the confederacy against him.

Friday, June 2. Mr. C. went up the River with an acquaintance for his amusement, and came home at night.

Saturday, June 3. Mr. C. visited several friends, and in the afternoon walked in Hide-Park and in St. James's-Park.

The Lord's Day, June 4. Mr. C. attended publick worship in Swallow-street all day.

Monday, June 5. Mr. C. took physick, which at his desire Mr. Stone brought to him, and was all day at home. Mr. Duncombe Bookbinder and Mr. Oliver Printer came to visit him in the evening, and declared him as sensible and well as ever they had seen him.

Tuesday, June 6. Mr. C. in order to convince the Lord Mayor of his sound mind, and of Wightman's unaccountable management, desired his landlord and landlady to give him a written Certificate, which was as follows;

"We hereby testify that Mr. A. C. our Lodger, is of a peaceable and agreeable Temper, and behaves every Way to
" so

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“ *so great Satisfaction, that we cannot desire a better Lodger,*
 “ *We discover nothing of Disorder about him, and think that*
 “ *there is not the least Occasion for any Person to look after*
 “ *Mr. C. for he is very capable to take care of himself. Given*
 “ *at Downing-Street near Hyde-Park-Corner, Picadilly,*
 “ *June 6, 1738.*

Jacob Morgan.
 Sarah Morgan.

But when Mr. C. waited of the Lord Mayor at *Gracers-Hall*, and wanted to give his Lordship a more full Account of the Injuries done him by *Wightman*, his Lordship said that that Affair did not properly come before him, but was an Action at Law.

Mr. C. dined this day at Mr. *Frederick Bull's* in *Cornhill*, and in the afternoon went into the Country, and became acquainted with some Gentlemen. A Gentleman of *Richmond* bespoke his *Concordance*; upon which he wrote for two or three Copies to his Servant *Scot*, who sent him some, but wrote him that *Wightman* expressly forbid it, and threatned to make him and the Bookbinder suffer if they should send any more.

June 11, *Oswald's* Maid came this evening to Serjeant *Cruden's* in *Dutchy-Lane*, tarried a considerable time, and most earnestly intreated Serjeant *Cruden* and his Wife to use their Interest with Mr. C. not to go to Law. They told her, that it was not in their power nor in any person's to alter his Resolution in that matter. Mrs. *Cruden* said to her, Don't you think that they have greatly injured Mr. C.? She replied, that she must own that they had injured him exceedingly, and that he was too wise for them all, but that she being only a Servant was afraid of losing her Place, and therefore must say little. The Maid also said, What shall we think of the religious Man now, who won't pardon those that sent him to *Bethnal-Green*? It may appear not at all material to take notice of what is said by one in so low a station, but this Maid hath been often used as a Tool, and sent as a Spy by Mr. C.'s Adversaries, and *Wightman* even read to her some of Mr. C.'s intercepted Letters while he was his Prisoner at *Bethnal-Green*.

Monday, June 19. Mr. C. came to Town to his Lodging in *Downing-Street*. He went to his Shop, and ordered *Scot* not to regard any thing that *Wightman* said or threatned: This day he received a letter from Dr. *Rogers*, dated, *June 17*, wherein the Doctor says, “ *I am favoured with yours,*
 “ *which I communicated to our Well-wisher Dr. Stukeley,*
 “ *who*

“ who rejoices with me in your Providential Deliverance out of
“ so sore a Confinement, as well as out of the hands of such
“ Brutes. We wish a Continuance of Health with all imaginable
“ Happiness, and that you may have legal Justice done you.”

June 22, Mr. C. writ the following Letter to *Wightman*;
Mr. Robert *Wightman*,

“ I desire and require to know when you intend to deliver
“ up to me my Money and Papers, and other Effects you
“ seized at *White's-Alley*, and why you detain them. Pray ac-
“ quaint me, by what Authority you meddled with my Money
“ or any of my Affairs? By what Authority you sent me to
“ the Madhouse at *Bethnal-Green*? By what Authority you
“ intercepted and opened my Letters? And why you entred
“ into that desperate and diabolical Contrivance of sending
“ me to *Bethlehem*? I have got many more Questions to
“ propose to you, but at present pray give a particular An-
“ swer to those above-mentioned this Afternoon, and direct
“ to me at Mr. *Frederick Bull's* in *Cornhill*. Written and
“ signed at *London*, June 22, 1738.

A. C.

This day *Wightman* called at Mr. *Reynardson's* in *Great-Ormond-Street*, he having writ a letter at Mr. C.'s desire to him, to come and speak to him about Mr. C.'s Affairs. Mr. *Reynardson* expostulated with *Wightman* about his unaccountable Management; and asked him what business he a stranger had with Mr. C. even upon the supposition he had been in disorder? The poor unhappy Man most unaccountably said that he would not desist, but would run all risks, and endeavour to send Mr. C. to *Bethlehem*, for he had a Friendship for him. O *Wightman*! how unhappy is the Man that is your Friend! But *Wightman* acted like a vile Hypocrite, and intended the greatest Injuries to Mr. C. for the sake of that great Idol Self. The wickedness of *Wightman* and his Accomplices is greatly aggravated from their falsely covering it with the pretence of Friendship; which discovers them to have acted like the vilest of Men.

Friday, June 23. This day Mr. C. writ a second letter to *Wightman*, which was as follows;

Mr. Robert *Wightman*,

“ I desire you may send me by Mr. *Scot* the Plate about
“ Dr. *Rogers's* Oils, a new Pair of Shoes of mine, my Ac-
“ count-Books, the Letters intercepted and scandalously opened
“ by you, and all my Linen. I desire you may let me know
“ when you are to deliver up my Papers and Effects seized
“ by

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“ by you. Your Man haunts my Shop : I desire you may
 “ call him home to mind your own Business ; for I know
 “ no Business that *Wightman* or his Man have to do with my
 “ Affairs. Prepare to suffer the highest Punishments the
 “ Laws can inflict for your great and unaccountable Injuries
 “ done to me. Why don’t you send me an Answer to the
 “ Letter and Questions in it sent you yesterday ? Pray re-
 “ member that I design not to allow one Six-pence of the
 “ Money you have pretended to pay for me. By what Au-
 “ thority did you do it ? I trust in God that he will be
 “ with me, and guide me, and vindicate my Character.
 “ Written and signed in *Cornhill, London, June 23, 1738.*

A. C.

Mr. C. sent *Scot* this day to *Wightman* to demand all the Letters of his he had intercepted ; but *Wightman* peremptorily refused to deliver one of them. Mr. C. let *Wightman* know by *Scot*, that, if he lost any of these letters, he should pay dear for it, and that he believed when the Judge had passed Sentence against him for his Crimes, he would not be worth a Groat afterwards.

Saturday, June 24. *Wightman* thought fit to write a long conceited Epistle, dated *June 23*, which Mr. C. received this day, in which he gives not Mr. C. a categorical Answer. He acknowledges, “ That a kind Providence evidently superintended Mr. C. who had been formerly called the meek Mr. C.” and concludes thus ; “ I have only to add, that, as this is
 “ the first Letter I have written you, in answer to several
 “ angry Letters, so it is the last I am to write you while
 “ your Disorder grows ; And therefore I warn you to write me
 “ no more in any such manner, nor at all till you come out
 “ of *Bethlehem-Hospital*, for I will not read them : I will
 “ burn them unopened.” *Wightman* must also add a most unaccountable Postscript. “ I have just now received your
 “ Second Letter, and need only answer to it, that I look’d
 “ for Dr. *Rogers* Plate at his desire, but could not find it.
 “ Your prohibition to pay people what is due to them, goes
 “ for nothing with me. Is Mr. C. become so unjust as to
 “ refuse to pay what is justly due ! and is he not disordered
 “ in his senses ! How can that be ? Among the Rest of your
 “ conceits, I hear you have talkt as if I wanted to be ac-
 “ quitted by you, I now tell you it is a Delirious Dream, I
 “ overlook your threats with Compassion, and will have no
 “ acquittance from you. You mistake your Man hugely.”

Wightman’s Nonsense appears in declaring Mr. C. mad for not allowing him to pay his just Debts, whereas *Wightman* seiz’d

seiz'd illegally his Money and Effects, and unreasonably pretended to pay his just Debts, for which he had no more Concern than a *Turk* or an *Indian*. *Wightman* is not a Child for years, being an old Batchelor about sixty years, and ought to have understood *meum* and *tuum* better. *Wightman* seems to have acted in this affair, as if he had been in a delirious Dream, and writes as if nothing could rouse him out of his Lethargy, but *Newgate* and *Tyburn*.

This afternoon Mr. C. went to *Southgate* to visit his good old Friend *Madam Coltman*, to whose only Son he had been Tutor. He was kindly received at *Southgate*, and came to town about business on *Monday* afternoon.

Tuesday, June 27. This day *Wightman* assembled his BLIND-BENCH at *Oswald's*, namely, Dr. *John Monro* the Chairman, Dr. *John Guyse*, Mr. *William Crookshank*, *John Cooke* Apothecary, *Richard Horton* Pastry-Cook: And Mr. C. went in among them where he found *Samuel Reynardson* Esq; who had been invited to come. *Monro* the Chairman teized Mr. C. with many impertinent Questions, such as, *Was you ever mad?* To which he replied, No. *Monro* asked, Whether he had not address'd a Widow-Lady, even after she had been married? To which Mr. C. replied, that he had indeed formerly courted that Lady, but never since he knew that she was married. *Monro* asked, if he had not acted as a Madman at *Bethnal-Green*? To which Mr. C. replied, that tho' that place and the barbarous usage thereof might have made any body mad, yet he defied all his Enemies to prove him mad; and as for their Slanders and Lies he disregarded them, having strongly proved himself, blessed be God, to be in the full use of his Reason to many persons who came to see him. Mr. C. expostulated with *Monro*, about ordering physick for him before he visited him. Mr. *Reynardson* said, that he had often conversed with Mr. C. since he came from *Bethnal-Green*, and that he behaved very well, and that he found no signs of madness in his Conversation: Mr. C. told *Monro*, that an eminent Physician had told him, "That Dr. *Monro* had been "always on the severe side of the Question, with respect to "the poor Patients, and that he had always observed it to be "so;" and that therefore, on that and some other accounts, if he wanted a Physician, *Monro* should be the last man he would choose. Mr. C. bid *Monro* mind his own Business, for that with him he had no Concern; which *Monro* forthwith obeyed, and said he would do so; and then left the room.

Mr. C. demanded of *Wightman* his Money, Effects, Papers, and Accounts, but was absolutely refused before them all.

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Dr. *Guyse* shew'd much dislike at Mr. C.'s Courage and Bravery. *Cooke* looked as if he had been self-condemned. *Crookshank* was entirely led by the Nose. *Horton* looked audacious; and *Wightman* like a condemned Malefactor. Mr. C. indeed throughly despis'd this Combination of foolish meddling Men, especially that they had no business with him; and that he plainly saw that their grand Plot was only to screen the Criminals *Wightman* and *Oswald*, and themselves, who were also become Criminals by their aiming to send Mr. C. to *Bethlehem*: And at last, at the desire of Mr. *Reynardson*, Mr. C. retired.

After he was gone they passed their solemn Decree, like unaccountable Men, "That Mr. C. ought to be sent to *Bethlehem*; and that proper means should be used for sending him thither as soon as possible." But Mr. *Reynardson* interposed, saying that he had often seen Mr. C. since he came from *Bethnal-Green*, and that he always behaved very sensibly, and that in his opinion their Resolution was ill-grounded; that he had influence enough with Mr. C. to give an evident demonstration of his being of a sound mind, even by ordering him to keep in his Lodgings for a week together, which no man fit for *Bethlehem* could have such a Command of himself as to do. Some of them replied, they were sure he would not stay so long within doors: But Mr. *Reynardson* assured them that he would; upon which they seemed to acquiesce in that proposal as a Trial of Skill, but did not reverse their black and unjustifiable Decree.

Wednesday, June 28. Mr. C. waiting of Mr. *Reynardson*, kindly received his Commands to stay in his Lodging for a week, and not so much as to go out on the Lord's Day to publick Worship, which Mr. C. religiously obeyed.

June 29. *Wightman* having formerly declared to Mr. *Reynardson*, that he would run all risks to have Mr. C. sent to *Bethlehem*, did this day write to Mr. *Fletcher* Master of a Boarding-School at *Ware*, (with whom Mr. C. had formerly been Tutor) and fully told him of the Decree of the BLIND-BENCH at their Meeting on June 27, to send Mr. C. on Saturday se'nnight to *Bethlehem*, but that in order thereunto he desired Mr. *Fletcher* to get the Church-Warden of that Parish to sign a Certificate, signifying that he belonged to their Parish; because in *Bethlehem* the Governors receive none who don't belong to some Parish, and that two of his Associates were ready to be bound to *Bethlehem-Hospital*, according to their usual Form. To which Mr. *Fletcher* replied in a very short Letter, That he was wholly averse to be concerned in any such

such Transactions. Wightman had been at great pains to find *Suereties*, and promised to indemnify them.

Notwithstanding Mr. Fletcher's refusal, yet Wightman found means to continue his Application to the People of *Ware*, who scorned him as an impertinent meddling Fellow, and thought him more fit for *Bethlehem* than Mr. C. In the Post-script of his Letter to *Ware*, Wightman says, "I have done my utmost to obtain a Certificate from the Parish where he lodged in London, and where his Shop is, but in vain; because a Man's being a Lodger or Shopkeeper, entitles him not to be a Parishioner."

Friday, June 30. Mr. Reynardson did Mr. C. the honour to come in his Chariot, and to visit him in his Lodgings in *Downing-street*, when he shewed him a Letter he had received from Wightman, signifying that he design'd as soon as possible to send Mr. C. to *Bethlehem*. Mr. Reynardson desired Mr. C. to commit to his custody some of Wightman's particular Letters, lest he and his Associates should come and spoil him of them, and to commit his other Papers to the care of his Landlady, which were carefully and securely hid. Mr. C. said, that he thought Wightman and his Associates could not be so foolish as to attack and seize him a second time: To which Mr. Reynardson replied, that considering what they had done, he did not know what they might do, and desired his Landlord and Landlady to call a Constable, and send for him, in case they should make another Attack upon him. Mr. C. being pensive upon what had passed, desired his Landlord to secure his Windows and the Door, that none might come in upon him without leave; and he prayed earnestly that God might frustrate their Devices against him, and deliver him from unreasonable and wicked Men.

Saturday, July 1. Mr. C. after the Alarm and Disturbance sent for Mr. Stone the Surgeon, who opened a Vein, and took from him nine ounces of blood, and said, he was always ready to declare that he had never seen Mr. C. in a mad Condition, but ever regular and reasonable.

The Lord's Day, July 2. Mr. C. stayed closely in his Lodgings as formerly, and spent the *Sabbath* religiously.

Monday, July 3. Mr. C. was visited by some Friends, who were of opinion that Wightman and his Accomplices designed to kidnap him, as soon as they found him abroad, and to carry him into a place where he should never be heard of.

Tuesday, July 4. Mr. C. hearing that Wightman was to go off the Premises in a few days, sent a Letter to a Gentleman of Distinction, who advised him to employ an able Attorney:

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torney: And in the afternoon he writ to Mr. *Reynardson*, who returned by the Bearer a very kind answer.

Wednesday, July 5. Mr C. wrote this day to *Wightman*, requiring his Money, Effects, Account-Books, Papers and Letters he had intercepted, but got no answer. The Letter was as follows;

Mr. Robert Wightman,

“ It is a great Inconvenience and Disadvantage to me that
 “ you are so unreasonable as to refuse to deliver me up my
 “ Money, Papers and Effects, and make an Account to me
 “ about my Affairs you have most unaccountably and foolishly
 “ meddled with. I desire you may send me word by the
 “ Bearer, when you intend to deliver up every thing relating
 “ to me. Pray remember you have no Authority to pay a
 “ Six-pence for me, and don't expect I will allow it. I think
 “ my self more capable to manage my own Affairs than you
 “ are to manage them for me. I desire not to entertain a
 “ revengeful Temper against any Man, but to wait on God
 “ for Direction to take such methods as may vindicate my
 “ Character, and make you suffer according to the Demerits
 “ of your uncommon Crimes. Perhaps you have been left to
 “ fall into such gross and unaccountable Actions to humble you
 “ for your Pride and Self-conceit. You began the Week you
 “ sent me to *Bethnal-Green* in a very bad way, by having a
 “ Shoemaker in your Room fitting you with Shoes on the
 “ *Sabbath-morning*. Dated in *Downing-street*, July 5, 1738.

A. C.

Thursday, July 6. This day Mr. C. finishing his voluntary Confinement in his Lodgings, and fearing lest his Enemies should again make him their Prisoner, went abroad with two Friends to Justice *De Veil*, desiring his Protection; but the Justice said, he was already under the Protection of the Law.

Mr. C. thought it prudent to have a trusty and stout Friend to guard him this day when he went abroad, whom he sent to *Oswald's* for an Answer to his last Letter to *Wightman*; but *Oswald's* Wife haughtily replied, ‘ That Mr. *Wightman* regarded none of his Letters, and that he would trounce all Persons that came to trouble him about the Affairs of Mr. C.’

Mr. C. dined this day at Mr. *Charles's* Master of *St Paul's* School, who had lately seen his Friend Mr. *Newcome* of *Hackney*, and said that Mr. *Newcome* had told him, “ That
 “ he

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" he thought Mr. C. was very well when he saw him at Beth-
" nal-Green, and that he was very ill used."

Friday, July 7. The following Attestation was signed by the famous Dr. Alexander Stuart, and Dr. William Stukeley two of the College of Physicians; and afterwards July 26 by Dr. Robert Innes a Physician in London of long Practice.

" We whose Names are underwritten have seen and conversed
" with Mr. A. C. Bookseller to her late most Excellent Ma-
" jesty, and do think him in good Health and Order, and that
" it is a most injurious and unaccountable thing, to propose to
" send him to Bethlehem. Given at London the seventh day
" of July in the Year of our Lord God 1738.

Alexr. Stuart, M. D.

William Stukeley, M. D.

Robert Innes, M. D.

Saturday, July 8. Mr. C. advised with some Friends about arresting of *Wightman* for the Money that he had seized of his.

Friday, July 14. Mr. Reynardson finding that Mr. C. had difficulty to get *Wightman* arrested, went with him in his Chariot into the City this day, and got *Wightman* to give in Bail for Mr. C's money he had seized. His Bail were *John Cooke* Apothecary and *Richard Horton* Pastry-Cook, two members of the BLIND-BENCH.

Tuesday, July 25. Mr. C's Case had been several times mentioned in the News-papers, and this day in the *St. James's Evening-Post* there was an Account; " That lately there
" had been in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* a publick Disputation
" about his Case, and that it was ended with great and di-
" stinguishing Success, on the part of Mr. C. *Wightman's*
" Servant pleaded for him, but it was evidently concluded
" that Mr. C. had been exceedingly Injured, and that *Wight-*
" *man* was a great Criminal by Law, and every way. A
" Letter writ by *Wightman* was produced, which he wanted
" Mr. C. to sign, it being a full Pardon for him, and then
" he would directly release him; but Mr. C. for many Rea-
" sons had absolutely refused to sign it. The Discourse before
" Disputation was from that remarkable Text, *St. Mark iii. 21.*
" *And when his Friends heard of it, they went out to lay hold*
" *of him, for they said, He is beside himself.*"

Saturday, August 5. Mr. C. with *Oliver Roberts* appeared before Lord Chief Baron *Comyns*, and being sworn, they made their respective Affidavits: The Substance whereof follows;

"*Oliver*

“ *Oliver Roberts* Chairman, made oath that *Robert*
 “ *Wightman*, in *March* last, gave orders to him to carry
 “ *Mr. C.* to a *Madhouse* at *Bethnal-Green*, and directed him
 “ to take *John Anderson* Coachman for his assistance; and
 “ to induce *Mr. C.* to come out of his Lodging, the said
 “ *Wightman* directed *Roberts* to inform the said *Mr. C.* that
 “ *Wightman* desired to speak with him at his lodging in
 “ *Spring-Gardens*; and the said *Roberts* and *Anderson* went
 “ to *Mr. C.*’s lodging in *White’s-Alley*, and told him as above,
 “ and thereby prevailed with him to go into a *Hackney-*
 “ *Coach* provided by the said *Roberts*; and the said *Roberts*
 “ and *Anderson* went into the said *Coach*, and immediately
 “ drew up the windows to prevent *Mr. C.*’s seeing where he
 “ was carried; and *Roberts* delivered *Mr. C.* to a servant
 “ belonging to the master of the said *Madhouse*: And the
 “ said *Roberts* further declared, that *Mr. C.* for all the time
 “ that the said *Roberts* was with him in the said coach be-
 “ haved himself very sensibly, and without any signs of
 “ *Madness*.”

“ *Mr. C.* made oath of his being imposed upon by *Oliver*
 “ *Roberts*, and thereby being prevailed upon to go into a
 “ *Hackney-Coach*, was carried to *Wright’s Madhouse* at
 “ *Bethnal-Green* on the 23d of *March* last, and confined
 “ there for nine weeks and six days; and that on the *Saturday*
 “ after his Confinement *Davis* the Under-keeper did put
 “ upon *Mr. C.*’s body a *Strait-Wastecoa*t with long sleeves,
 “ which intirely deprived him of the use of his hands, and
 “ greatly hindred him from sleep; with which said *Wastecoa*t
 “ *Mr. C.* was made very uneasy for four or five days; and
 “ during the first five weeks of *Mr. C.*’s Imprisonment he
 “ was chained to his bedstead every night, except one, by
 “ *Davis* or some other of *Wright’s* servants; and for the
 “ first three or four weeks *Mr. C.* was frequently handcuff’d
 “ by *Davis*: And *Wright* came to *Mr. C.*’s chamber in the
 “ said *Madhouse* on *April* 26, and laid hold of all *Mr. C.*’s
 “ papers, pen and ink, and account-books, which he could
 “ then find: Upon which *Mr. C.* commanded *Wright* to
 “ lay them down; but the said *Wright* delivered the said
 “ Account-books to *Davis*, who then locked them up from
 “ *Mr. C.* And the rest of the said things *Wright* car-
 “ ried out of the said room; and the said *Wright* then
 “ ordered *John Davis*, *Richard Turner* and *William Caesar*
 “ his servants to pull off *Mr. C.*’s shoes, and to chain him
 “ to the bedstead in his chamber, and to lock the door thereof,
 “ which orders were then immediately executed: And the
 “ said

“ said *Wright* the next day told Mr. C. that he had received a Letter from *Wightman*, giving him authority for what he had done the day before : And Mr. C. farther declared, that the lock and chain were not for one moment off his leg from *April* 26 to the 31st of *May*, on which day Mr. C. made his Escape out of the *Madhouse* by means of sawing his bedstead, and loosening the chain from the said bedstead.”

This day Mr. C.’s Attorney applied to the *Lord Chief Baron* for an order to hold *Wightman* to bail, upon the above Affidavit; and at last only desired bail for the sum of 500 l. His Lordship said it was a very uncommon and unprecedented Case, but that if the Plaintiff could prove his allegations, he could get much more damages than five hundred Pounds; and so his Lordship suspended the consideration of this Affair, who was then the only Judge in Town. If bail could have been then applied for before a Bench of Judges, it might have been done with success.

Thursday, August 10. Mr. C. not being able to hold *Wightman* to bail, ordered his Attorney to take a Writ out of the *King’s Bench-Court*, which was personally executed this day upon *Wightman*.

Tuesday, August 22. Mr. C. after visiting some friends went this afternoon to *Madam Coltman’s* at *Southgate*, and was kindly entertained at her house for two months. This judicious Lady hath declared that she found Mr. C. always rational. About a week or a fortnight after Mr. C.’s going to *Southgate*, Mr. *Reynardson* came to visit his Aunt *Madam Coltman*, and told Mr. C. that he had received a letter from *Wightman*, dated *August 23*, wherein he most unaccountably proposed that Mr. C. should have his settlement fixed in the Parish to which *Southgate* belongs, to make way for his going to *Bethlehem*. Mr. *Reynardson* observed, that the thoughts of *Bethlehem* made Mr. C. pensive, and told him that he had no need to be troubled about *Wightman’s* behaviour, for it was to be hoped that he should suffer for it in due time. Mr. C. has great reason to be thankful to God all his life for frustrating the unjust and wicked Devices of his adversaries; and it may evidently appear to the reader, that they richly deserve to be brought to shame and punishment in an exemplary manner.

It would be too tedious to continue this Narrative any farther, for blessed be God Mr. C. can, with Courage and Integrity, dare his bold enemies to prove any thing against his regular and good Behaviour; but it is not in any man’s power to put a stop to deceitful and lying lips, for the best

H. *of*

of men have been unjustly and falsely abused in this manner. The reader may by this time be convinced that Mr. C. has acted more reasonably than his Adversaries, and that there was no foundation to send him to *Bethnal-Green*; for if all Lovers were to be sent thither, there would be a necessity to erect *Bethlemetical* Cities instead of Hospitals. The adversaries of Mr. C. were guilty of a wrong step, and, like proud and infatuated men, seemed to be determined to be guilty of many more wrong steps, rather than humbly to acknowledge the first. A few Observations on the management of Mr. C's adversaries, seem not unnecessary to be added to this Narrative.

Mr. *William Crookshank* and *John Oswald* Bookseller were the first that raised a false report of Mr. C. and being once guilty of slander and falshood, they have been so foolish and wicked as to go on in it for above these ten months; for about the end of *January* they both told to a particular friend of Mr. C's that he was still mad. This Gentleman said to Mr. *Crookshank*, that he had been often in Mr. C's company, and found him very sedate and serene, and without any signs of madness. Mr. *Crookshank* was so bold as to answer, "Are you become *mad* also?" It is plain that these two men had no other ground for their false report, but a piece of Love-gallantry on *Saturday* the 18th of *March*, 1737-8, when he came to have the final Resolution of Mrs. *Payne*.

These two imprudent men told their ill-grounded sentiments to Mr. C's foolish and ignorant landlord and landlady, *James Grant* and his wife in *White's-Alley*, which occasion'd them to behave so disobligingly and strangely towards him, as in the Narrative. 'Tis certain that *Oswald's* wife took the lodging at *Bethnal-Green*, and *Wightman* and *Oswald* were first joint actors in the Affair; but afterwards *Oswald* endeavoured to slip his neck out of the collar, and *Wightman* managed the whole barbarous Affair; and *Oswald* and others were his assistants and accomplices. Dr. *Monro* soon told *Wightman* that he had acted precipitantly and illegally, which made him use all means fair and foul to screen himself; and *Monro* was willing to run all risks to assist him.

Wightman is a known projector, a busy-body, a meddler in other peoples concerns without leave, as appears from many parts of his conduct in life at *Edinburgh*; but he was a very slender acquaintance of Mr. C's, no relation to him, no creditor of his, had no worldly concerns with him; nor did Mr. C. give him any power or authority to meddle with his Person, Money or Effects, and he was therefore the more astonished at his insolent and officious undertaking. What
authority

authority had *Wightman* to countenance the maltreatment Mr. C. met with at *White's-Alley*? To kidnap him into a Hackney-Coach by his *Myrmidons*, and send him to the *Madhouse* at *Bethnal-Green*, to seize his Money and Effects, to receive his Money and pay his Debts, to order him to be treated in the *Madhouse* worse than any in a *Spanish Inquisition*, to debar him the use of pen, ink, and paper? And when he got these privately, to intercept his letters, to deprive him of the comfortable visits of his friends? And all to extort from him a full pardon for all his wicked conduct, which Mr. C. would never grant upon any consideration; trusting in God, and depending upon the Justice of his Cause, and the Equity of the Laws of England.

This projector *Wightman* was so bold and unmannerly as to break open several things sealed up by Mr. C. to examine his papers, to settle his accounts, and to act as if Mr. C. had been dead, and *Wightman* had been his heir and executor. But how *Wightman* can account for his management is not easy to imagine, he doing it without authority, and even contrary to Mr. C's express orders. *Oswald* and his family were Tools to serve him upon all Occasions. 'Tis said that *Wightman* their lodger spent a great deal of money in their house, and entertained them often with suppers, yea he was so bold as to send to Mr. C's lodging in *White's-Alley* for a handsom present of Bacon, that was sent to Mr. C. from the country, and treated his landlord and landlady with it; and in all respects he acted most unaccountably. A Gentleman of uncommon worth who knows *Wightman*, asked Mr. C. "How *Wightman* came to do it at first?" Mr. C. said, "That he did not know how to answer that Question, but that he knew that *Wightman* was a man full of conceit." The Gentleman replied, "That he knew that very well."

Wightman being soon convinced that Mr. C. was not fit for a *Madhouse*, and finding he could not procure his pardon, continued him still in prison by his arbitrary power; and *Wightman* and *Wright* are to answer for all the deplorable cruel Usage Mr. C. met with during his Confinement there; yet *Wightman* willing still to screen himself found means to assemble his Associates in a strict combination (called in the Narrative, *THE BLIND-BENCH*) that they might act in concert with him in his barbarous designs.

His after-conduct needs not be rehearsed, it being in the Narrative; which plainly shews that he designed to cover one crime by another more heinous, and to justify his sending Mr. C. to a *Madhouse* by fixing him in *Bethlehem*, whereby

he thought all his former crimes would be covered. But, blessed be God, who disappointed the counsel of this Ahithophel, and turned it into foolishness.

'Tis hoped no considering person will disapprove of Mr. C's prosecuting of *Wightman* in the *King's-Bench*, and his trying to recover damages for his loss of Reputation and Credit, his long cruel Sufferings, even to the danger of his Life, his loss of Money, Goods and Effects, the alienating of the hearts of many of his friends by horrid lies and falsehoods, the intercepting of his Letters, and many other Damages that can be proved in law before the Judge and Jury: And most rational Men will readily judge, that if such barbarous Treatment in *Wightman* goes unpunished, no man can be secure from being carried to *Bethnal-Green* upon the least groundless surmise.

Matthew Wright that keeps the *Madhouse* on *Bethnal-Green*, has been often punished for unjustly receiving, detaining and maltreating many innocent persons in his abominable *Madhouse*. He is an old offender, and 'tis great pity that those in authority should not order a due inspection and examination of the conduct of his house, where may be seen some scores of miserable wretches treated worse than Galley-slaves by his sovereign arbitrary pleasure, like a *Turkish Bashaw*, without being allowed the kind visits of their friends, or of any persons to hear their Case; which is a violent breach upon the liberties of the subject, and a great disgrace upon a Christian Country. His wife is as bad as himself, tho' more cunning: His servants are all his obsequious Cannibals. *Wright* said of his man *Davis*, "That he neither feared God nor the Devil, Heaven nor Hell!" Sure none can blame Mr. C. for prosecuting those vile people for the barbarous Treatment he met with at *Bethnal-Green*, and the great Damages he thereby received.

As for the people that assisted *Grant* and his wife in *White's-Alley*, they can tell, when they appear in Court, by whose order they acted as they did, and who misrepresented Mr. C's Case, and made the first false alarm to them.

As for Dr. *Monro*, he soon became intirely *Wightman's* Creature, and afterwards Chairman of the pretended Court of the *BLIND-BENCH*; and used all possible means to screen *Wightman*, tho' in vain. It is to be wished that the Doctor's conduct in his office was narrowly inspected for the good of many poor Patients; and that his authority in declaring men mad might be impaired; and that he might be severely punished, if he deserves it, seeing he is always on the severe side with his poor Patients.

Patients. *Monro* hath raised several gross Calumnies against Mr. C. to screen *Wightman*, and hath been his great Confederate.

As for the members of *Wightman's* BLIND-BENCH, the Question is, whether they may not be properly termed Conspirators, along with *Wightman*, against the Honour, Credit, Life, Liberty and Property of Mr. C. to screen *Wightman's* horrid Conduct; for by what authority could they meet in Judgment from time to time, from the 14th of *April* when they commenced to the 27th of *June*, having had a Being during ten weeks and five days? Their infatuation in meeting about a month after Mr. C's amazing Escape greatly exposes them, and lays open their wicked designs.

Sure Mr. C. gave them no authority, nor can they pretend to be Commissioners of Lunacy under the great Seal. Did the Lord Chancellor, or any of the twelve Judges, or the Lord Mayor of *London*, or any other competent authority empower them to meet, to consider of a man with whom they had nothing to do? Nor can they justly pretend, that it was out of kindness to Mr. C. for they met to make insolent and barbarous decrees, particularly about sending him to *Bethlehem*, the sorest Evil that could befall him, and which he dreaded more than Death. If such illegal Combinations should not be discountenanced, what man in *England* can be safe? But the consideration of this point is left to the Judge and Jury.

But their own Reflexions will chastise them somewhat; for *Wightman*, who came to town only the week before, would have done better to have minded his own affairs, than to have undertaken a Trust, without leave, of managing a person as a madman who was not a madman.

Monro had better have minded his Patients in the several Madhouses, (which perhaps are too many to be well minded by one man) than to be Chairman of this BLIND-BENCH, and at the head of the Combination to carry Mr. C. to *Bethlehem*. What reward he received from *Wightman* is best known to himself.

Oswald, who with *Crookshank* began the Hue and Cry without cause, was so bold as to stop Mr. C's messages when at *Bethnal-Green*, and to usurp a power over him by giving a written order to those he had a mind should visit Mr. C. *Oswald* was *Wightman's* Tool in assembling the BLIND-BENCH, and a member of the BENCH; but let the world judge whether this BENCH had a very learned member when they had him, and whether any man can be more skilled in the *Res Medica* than

than he, or can know better the Laws of *England* with respect to *Lunatics* and *Madmen*, except his audacious Wife who governs him. It is supposed that *Oswald* and his Wife will be brought to Shame (if they have any) for their horrid Lies, Aspersions, Calumnies and Injuries against Mr. C.

Dr. *John Guyse* an excellent Divine, but not a great Politician, was certainly too sanguine in favouring his Bookseller *Oswald*, for whose sake he first earnestly pressed Mr. C. at *Bethnal-Green* to grant *Wightman* a full Pardon: He thought his Authority over Mr. C. greatly slighted by Mr. C's refusal to comply, and the more readily joined the *BLIND-BENCH*, dishonourably assisted *Cooke* and *Oswald* in opening Mr. C's Letter to his Father, and vigorously adhered to the insolent and illegal Decrees of that *BENCH* for lodging Mr. C. in *Bethlehem*, whereas he might have been better employed.

Mr. *William Crookshank*, who with *Oswald* began the Hue and Cry, in his profound Penetration joined the *BLIND-BENCH* even to the last, and tho' he had declared to several people that he believed Mr. C. not to be mad when he saw him at *Bethnal-Green*, yet he adhered to the dreadful Decree of sending Mr. C. to *Bethlehem*, no doubt to screen himself for his former illegal Conduct, as thinking it below him to make a deep and humble Submission for his former Crimes. If all this Gentleman's Conduct was narrowly canvassed, it would appear to be full of Blunders and Mistakes, and that he hath often acted inconsistently with himself.

John Cooke the Apothecary in *Grace-Church-Street* had, it seems, little business to mind when he meddled with one that never employed him, and never would thank him; but after he had the honour of a Seat on the *BENCH*, and had once opened Mr. C's Letter to his Father, which he had promised to forward to the Post-Office, (for opening of which Mr. C. had threatned him) he became a vigorous Adherer to the Decree of the *BLIND-BENCH* for sending Mr. C. to *Bethlehem*.

Richard Horton the Pastry-Cook at the *Peacock* in *Cornhill*, in order to serve Dr. *Guyse* and *Oswald*, used all means to get a Parish-Certificate for transporting Mr. C. to *Bethlehem*, tho in vain; and to the last he adhered to the foolish and illegal Decree of the *BLIND-BENCH*.

As for *London* and *Grant* who swore before the Lord Mayor that Mr. C. was *Lunatick*; *London* had often declared him to be in his right Senses at *Bethnal-Green*, had not seen him for above eight days before he stood before my Lord Mayor, and so could not *bonâ fide* take that unlawful Oath.

Grant

Grant poor Creature, a silly timorous old Taylor, understood no more of *Lunacy* than he does of *Astronomy*, and not having seen Mr. C. for nine weeks and six days before, seems therefore to be guilty of corrupt and wilful Perjury. Grant several years ago made oath before the *King's Bench* in *Westminster-hall* that a Tallow-Chandler, who was sent by his Wife to *Wright's Madhouse*, was mad and fit to be confined, yet the Jury law cause to bring in their Verdict to the contrary.

John Scot Mr. C's unfaithful Servant, became wholly obedient to *Wightman's* Orders to the great detriment of his much injured Master, and sign'd the above-mentioned Letter of *Wightman's* composing to Serjeant *Cruden*, full of horrid Lies and impudent Threatnings, discharging the Serjeant to meddle with Mr. C's Concerns, tho' he had Authority from Mr. C. himself. Scot spoke at first much against *Wightman* as being a strange unaccountable Man, but it seems he was either wheedled or threatned into a very criminal Compliance.

The following Accounts of Mr. C. by Mr. *Simpson* and Mr. *Robinson*, the Originals of which can be produced, are a full Evidence of Mr. C's being of a sound Mind, at *Bethnal-Green*.

At the particular Desire of a Gentleman I give the following Account of Mr. A. C. who was confined Prisoner at *Bethnal-Green*.

" Mr. A. C. is a Gentleman with whom I have had the
 " happiness to be acquainted upwards of seventeen Years;
 " and I must do him the Justice to say, that in the place of
 " his Nativity where our Acquaintance commenced, his strict
 " Piety and Christian Deportment endeared him to the
 " highest and best Inhabitants of the place; and the friendly
 " Correspondence they have kept up with him since, he
 " left his native place, shews their Regard to have been
 " real and sincere. The Winter before he came into *Eng-*
 " *land* he was Candidate for being a Regent, or Professor, in
 " the University where he had his Education, but his Friends
 " were not successful in that Design. In April 1724 he came
 " to *London*, and in June following, by the Recommendation
 " of his constant Friend the great Dr. *Calamy*, he be-
 " came Tutor to the only Son of the valuable *Henry Coltman*
 " Esq; at 31 *Elms* at *Southgate*. The young Gentleman his
 " agreeable Pupil died much lamented in June 1736. Provi-
 " dence hath always favoured Mr. C. in providing creditable
 " Business for him, and also honoured him to be the Author
 " of a very useful Book that will perpetuate his Memory.
 " Since I came into *England* in May 1731, I have had
 " an opportunity of knowing Mr. C. as much as many, and
 have

" have particularly observed that Persons of the best Cha-
 " racter were always his Companions; and he was precise in
 " his choice this way. Knowing this to be the Gentleman's
 " Character, I was greatly surpriz'd to hear in *March* last, of
 " his being sent to a Private Madhouse. This News was
 " very shocking, and I had several Reasons to give him a
 " visit; accordingly on *Friday, March 24*, which was the
 " Day after he was confined, I went to *Bethnal-Green*, sup-
 " posing from the Accounts I had heard of him to have
 " found him in great Disorder; but when I was admitted to
 " his Room, where he was chained to his bed, he accepted
 " of my visit in his usual civil manner; and after asking me
 " how I did, began to relate the particular Steps taken by his
 " Enemies towards having him imprisoned, which he did in
 " a very distinct composed manner, and appealed to me if
 " they had done him Justice in those unaccountable Steps
 " they had taken. We talked on several other Subjects, and
 " I was in his Company that day about three hours, in all
 " which time I could observe nothing of Disorder in Mr. A. C.
 " only the Blows and Wounds he had received made his
 " Face somewhat disfigured; and I may venture to say, that
 " the Usage he met with would have put any person in greater
 " disorder than it did him. At parting he delivered me some
 " few Commissions to different Persons, and desired I would
 " be so good as to return next day with an Answer to these
 " Commissions. Accordingly, *Saturday March 25*, I went
 " to *Bethnal-Green* along with two Friends of Mr. A. C's,
 " whom he had sent for; but upon calling at the Madhouse
 " we were told by the Servants, that no person could see
 " Mr. C. without an Order from Mr. *Wightman*, Mr. *Qs-*
 " *wald*, or Dr. *Monro*; so we were obliged to return with-
 " out seeing him.

" Finding there was no Access to him, I delayed offering
 " him a visit for some time; till I was told by a Gentleman
 " that I could be admitted, and that Mr. A. C. wanted to
 " see me; so next day, being *April 23*, I went to *Bethnal-*
 " *Green*, and found that Mr. C. was at his liberty to walk
 " in the Garden. We walked for some considerable time
 " in the Garden, when he gave me a very affecting History
 " of the barbarous Treatment he had met with since I was
 " last with him; to have heard which would have drawn
 " Compassion and Sympathy from any Heart but one of Stone.
 " It being the *Lord's Day*, he spoke with greater mildness
 " than the Subject required, wondering at the folly of his
 " Adversaries; yet telling that they had done him so great
 " Injustice,

“ Injustice, in taking away his Character and Reputation,
 “ and injuring him in his civil Concerns, that he thought
 “ it his duty to bring them to publick Justice. I advised him to
 “ apply to the Lord Mayor, telling him that I thought his Lord-
 “ ship was in honour obliged to protect a *London-Citizen*: The
 “ Proposal he readily complied with, but complained greatly of
 “ his being kept from the use of Pen, Ink and Paper, which
 “ hindred him much in his Enterprises. Afterwards
 “ he made me dine with him, which time he spent in serious
 “ Discourse according to his ordinary way, especially he
 “ pitied *Sabbath-Breakers*; which Subject he was led to
 “ from some observations he had taken of the Conduct of a
 “ Man whose Care he was unhappily then under. Dinner
 “ being over he read in his Bible, and then went to Prayer,
 “ which he set about with the greatest Composure, Distinct-
 “ ness, and Fervency; and I could not observe the least
 “ mistake in his Performance, nor could another of no mean
 “ Capacity, who happened to join him in that Performance.
 “ A Gentleman with his Son visited him that afternoon,
 “ and had a long Conversation with him, and we were
 “ all unanimous that he had no business in that Place, nor
 “ any need of such barbarous Keepers; for none of us could
 “ observe the least signs of Disorder during the whole Con-
 “ versation of the day. At parting he desired I would visit
 “ him next day, because he had some things of Importance
 “ to acquaint me with, which he did not think proper to com-
 “ municate on the *Lord's Day*; and in compliance with his
 “ Desire I called next day *April 24*, but was refused access;
 “ nor was I allowed to see him any more, till I saw him
 “ in his Lodgings in *Downing-Street*, after his wonderful
 “ Escape.

“ I could not but in Justice give this Account of Mr. A. C.
 “ which I sign this 12th Day of *January 1738-9*.

William Simpson.

“ Sir, I think my self bound in Justice to give the following
 “ Account of Mr. A. C.

“ After receiving a Letter dated *April 11*, at *Bethnal-
 “ Green* from Mr. A. C. Bookseller to her late Majesty
 “ the Great Queen *Caroline*, then Prisoner in *Wright's Mad-
 “ house*, I came according to Direction and visited the said
 “ Mr. C. in the Garden, when to my great Surprise on the
 “ one hand and ineffable Satisfaction on the other, he dis-
 “ coursed rationally and accurately, giving me a long Nar-

I

“ ration

"ration of the mad Proceedings of his self-conceited, proud
 "and foolish Adversaries, in all which Narration he expressed
 "his Submission to divine Sovereignty, believing that infinite
 "Wisdom and Goodness would bring Meat out of that
 "Devourer, and Sweetness out of that most bitter
 "Potion.

"Then he read a part of the Scripture, and prayed accurately and fervently according to his usual manner. A few minutes after he desired me to pray, desiring me to remember his Case at the Throne of Grace. I din'd with him, and he gave Thanks to God distinctly, and had the air of a lively and undaunted Christian; and if I may be allowed to speak what I think, that Plate was more suitable for his Adversaries.

"About the middle of *April*, being the *Lord's Day*, I came to visit him and stayed about six hours, and after his usual manner he sanctified that sacred Time according to the Scriptures. He desired me to go over the way to the Meeting-house and bring him an Account of the Sermon; which I did. Several People of Fashion came to see him, and I went into the Garden. I heard not their Conversation, but he parted with them after his usual sedate, complaisant, rational and Christian manner. After I came into his Room he conversed of revealed Religion suitable to the Day: He prayed most rationally and fervently as at other times. At Parting being eight o'clock, he desired me to call at the Minister's House, being desirous of a Visit from him.

"About three Days after I came to visit him and saw him in great distress of Body, he having taken a Vomit. In the Intervals of his excessive Straining and Reaching he discoursed faintly, but most rationally, telling me he was sure God would make all tend to his Good: He never dropt a Word tinctur'd with Fretfulness, Passion, or private and personal Revenge.

"At another time, being the *Lord's Day*, I stayed, I think, six or seven hours; and all his Discourse was worthy of a Man of Reason, Learning, and Religion. I visited him in all five times; and all his Conversation would have sustained the Trial of an exact Printer, an accurate Corrector, and a censorious, if candid, Reader.

"I came four or five times more, but was denied access, the Under-keeper telling me that he was strictly forbid to let any Person have access to Mr. C. without a written Order from *Wightman*. I never saw him till after his amazing and
 "almost

“ almost miraculous Deliverance; but when Judgment returns
“ to Righteousness a *Nigrum Theta* will be printed on the Fore-
“ heads of such wretched Creatures: Tho’ I’m sure he bears
“ them no private Hatred, yet I should rejoice to hear that
“ they were made sensible of their Wickedness, his Cha-
“ racter restored, and Losses repaired.

“ Written and subscribed this 24th of January 1738-9,
“ by me

John Robertson.

It is humbly hoped that Mr. C’s mis-informed Friends, who had conceived wrong Impressions and disagreeable Ideas of him, by the malicious Industry of his unjust Adversaries, will again receive him into their good Graces, and the rather that he has been so exceedingly injured.

It is hoped every *London-Citizen* and every free-born Subject will take the just Alarm by this dreadful Case of Mr. C. their *Fellow-citizen*, a *Livery-man* of the *Stationers Company*, and take care of any Combinations against their Lives and Liberties, their Credit and Substance; or else Farewel good old *British Liberty*.

The best way for the *London-Citizens* and all his MAJESTY’S Subjects to have true Conceptions of the great Injuries done to Mr. C. is to suppose the Case to have been their own; What Satisfaction and Reparation would they have expected from *Wightman*, *Monro*, *Oswald*, *Wright* and the other Accomplices? It is plain that those Men at first acted rashly and without consideration, unjustly and without cause, pragmatically and without authority; and when they afterwards perceived that Mr. C. firmly resolved to demand legal Satisfaction, their corrupt guilty Hearts prompted them to endeavour to conceal, as it were, *Adultery with Murder*, or to cover one heinous Crime with another more heinous: And they have by their stubborn and impenitent Behaviour rendred themselves greatly deserving of the strictest Justice, by endeavouring to colour over their Management by propagating Lies and Calumnies against Mr. C.

Mr. C. being at *Southgate*, *Wightman* went for *Scotland* Sept. 15 with Dr. *Monro’s* Son: Whether he may be called a Fugitive from Justice or not, time will discover; for two Actions were commenced against him before that time; the first for seizing Mr. C’s Money, the second for Personal Injuries. The Declaration for the second Action before the *King’s-Bench* is to the Damage of Ten Thousand Pounds: The false Imprisonment, for nine Weeks and six

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for Days, at five Pounds an Hour being 8280 *l.* and the Assault and other Damages at 1720 *l.* The first Action for the Money seiz'd began in the *Sheriffs-Court* at *Guildhall*; and it appears that Mr. C's Adversaries are much hardened, and have given a great deal of trouble to him in this Action: They have moved it to the *Lord-Mayor's-Court*, and it has been brought back to the *Sheriffs-Court*; where they supposing Judgment would be signed against them, moved it to the *Common-Pleas*, as if they were very fond to breathe a little before they expire.

Many valuable ends may be answered by bringing *Wightman*, the *BLIND-BENCH*, &c. to Justice, namely, the recovering of Mr. C's Character, a full Reparation and Satisfaction for Damages, the making of them Examples to deter others from committing the like Crimes for the time to come: And it is humbly hoped that the *LEGISLATURE* will see the Necessity of bringing in a Bill to regulate *Private Madhouses*.

Mr. C. is far from being of a revengeful Spirit, and desires not to say, *That he will recompense Evil, but trusts in God who delivers him out of all his Troubles, that he will save his Character and every thing relating to him: And that his Integrity shall shine as the Light, and his Innocence as the Noon-day: Prov. xx. 22. Psal. xxx. 6.* His former great Deliverances, by the Goodness of a kind Providence, encourage him, to wait on God for Salvation, in every Respect, thro' *Jesus Christ* our Lord. *Amen.*

F I N I S

